

The Illustrated **LONDON NEWS**

MAY 1981 75p

THE TORIES' 10-YEAR PLAN
Angus Maude

THE SUPERTANKERS
John Winton

THE COUNTIES: SUFFOLK
Paul Jennings



MAN IN SPACE

Patrick Moore reviews the first 20 years of manned spaceflight



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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6994 Volume 269 May 1981

Cover: Major Edward White walking in space outside Gemini 4, June, 1965.
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See page 31.

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ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

★ THEATRE ★

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

The Accrington Pals. New play by Peter Whelan about young men leaving to fight in 1914 & the girls they leave behind. Directed by Bill Alexander. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.*

Amadeus. Frank Finlay as Mozart's enemy Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer. Peter Hall directs. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

As You Like It. Susan Fleetwood's radiant Rosalind is at the heart of an imaginative revival by Terry Hands. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.* From May 4.

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas. A silly title & a brassy American musical to match. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2.*

The Business of Murder. Thriller by Richard Harris with Francis Matthews, George Sewell & Lynette Davies. Directed by Hugh Goldie. *Duchess, Catherine St, WC2.*

The Caretaker. Kenneth Ives directs Pinter's fine early play now revived with Norman Beaton, Troy Foster & Oscar James. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* From May 22.

Chorus Girls. New show with music by Barrie Keeffe & Ray Davies. *Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Sq, E15.* Until May 9.

The Crucible. An exciting National Theatre recreation of Arthur Miller's drama, now with a memorable performance by Lynn Farleigh. *Comedy, Panton St, SW1.* Until May 23.

Dangerous Corner. J. B. Priestley's time play directed by Robert Gillespie with Anthony Daniels, Stacy Dornning & Clive Francis. *Ambassador's, West St, WC2.*

Don Juan. Molière's play in a new translation by John Fowles, directed by Peter Gill. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

The Duchess of Malfi. Adrian Noble directs the Manchester Royal Exchange's production, with Helen Mirren in the title role, Bob Hoskins & Mike Gwyllm. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Until May 9.

Duet for One. Tom Kempinski's study of two people—a woman violinist disabled by multiple sclerosis & her patient psychiatrist—is both emotionally satisfying & urgently acted by Frances de la Tour & David de Keyser. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Educating Rita. Willy Russell's play transferred from The Warehouse. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with Shirin Taylor & Mark Kingston. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.*

The Elephant Man. Bernard Pomerance's affecting & ironical study of physician & patient, is the tale of the deformed "freak", redoubtably acted by David Schofield, whom Frederick Treves saved from a side-show in the 1880s. *Lyttelton.*

The Flying Karamazov Brothers. Vaudeville show of "jugglers & cheap theatrics". *May Fair, Stratton St, W1.* Until May 9.

The Forest. New translation of Ostrovsky's comedy about the adventures of two strolling players. Directed by Adrian Noble with Alan Howard, Richard Pasco & Barbara Leigh-Hunt. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks.*

Gone With Hardy. New play about Stan Laurel & his life before his partnership with Oliver Hardy. Directed by Ken Chubb. *Tricycle, 269 Kilburn High Rd, NW6.* Until May 29.

Goose Pimples. New play devised & directed by Mike Leigh, with Marion Bailey, Jill Baker, Jim Broadbent & Anthony Sher. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.* From Apr 29.

Hamlet. A lucid, forthright production by John Barton, with Michael Pennington's comparable performance of the Prince. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Hansel & Gretel. Last year's production of David Rudkin's play for adults. Directed by Ron Daniels, with Brenda Bruce as the Witch. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

House Guest. New thriller by Francis Durbridge. Directed by Val May with Susan Hampshire & Gerald Harper. *Savoy, Strand WC2.* From Apr 29.

I'm Getting My Act Together & Taking it on the Road. Feminist musical from New York about a

cabaret actress making a come-back. With Diane Langton. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

It's Magic. Paul Daniels is not only an unusually loquacious conjurer, he is also an exceedingly dextrous one. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

Just a Verse & Chorus. Musical with Roy Hudd & Billy Dainty. Directed by Robin Midgeley. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.*

The Knight of the Burning Pestle. Michael Bogdanov directs Beaumont & Fletcher's comedy, with Timothy Spall in the title role. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.*

The Life of Galileo. Brecht's long & determined biographical play is graced by a progressively complete performance by Michael Gambon & a full production by John Dexter. *Olivier.*

Man & Superman. This National Theatre achievement is the entire Shaw play, with the Juan-in-Hell interlude, directed by Christopher Morahan. Exceptional speaking by Daniel Massey, Penelope Wilton & Michael Bryant. *Olivier.*

Measure for Measure. New production, directed by Michael Rudman, is set on a Caribbean island shortly after the Second World War. With Norman Beaton, Elizabeth Adare, Stefan Kalipha & Oscar James. *Lyttelton.*

The Merchant of Venice. New production directed by John Barton, with David Suchet & Sinead Cusack. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

A Month in the Country. Using a very full Turgenev text, translated by Isaiah Berlin, Peter Gill's sympathetic production is helped by the playing of Francesca Annis, Caroline Langrishe & Ewan Stewart. *Olivier.*

Moving. A comedy by Stanley Price, in which Penelope Keith is a crisp yet vulnerable housewife, caught with her dentist-husband (Peter Jeffrey) in a web of mortgages, offers & bridging loans. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development is back again. Jill Martin as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton triumphantly in command as her professor. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

Naked Robots. It will be sad indeed if any section of modern youth is like this, but the dramatist, Jonathan Gems, must think his play is plausible. *Warehouse.*

Nicholas Nickleby. A remarkable feat during which, in two nights & eight and a half hours, the RSC presents the entire Dickens novel. Production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. *Aldwych.*

Oklahoma! Though nothing can eclipse the memory of that Drury Lane opening night in 1947, time has not dulled the Richard Rodgers score—or, for that matter, the Hammerstein lyrics. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

1-2-3. Trilogy of plays by Tom McGrath directed by Chris Parr in co-production with the Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh, & BBC Radio 4. *Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1.* Until May 9.

Outskirts. New play by Hanif Kureishi exploring the shifting relationship between two teenagers. *Warehouse.*

Overheard. New play by Peter Ustinov, directed by Clifford Williams. With Deborah Kerr & Ian Carmichael. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

Pal Joey. Sian Phillips, superb as the wealthy Chicago woman, in an entirely new world for her—the revival of a musical, score by Richard Rodgers, that has become something of a classic. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Present Laughter. Donald Sinden heads the best Coward revival for years. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.*

Private Dick. New play based on the novels of Raymond Chandler. With Robert Powell as Philip Marlowe. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Until May 16.

The Provok'd Wife. Carl Toms, who has set Vanbrugh's comedy in a winter-bound London by the Thames, takes the honours of a revival in which John Wood's boorish husband is as assured as anyone; Dorothy Tutin & Geraldine McEwan are the ladies in the matter. *Lyttelton.* Until May 18.

Rowan Atkinson in Revue. One of the performers from the BBC's "Not the Nine O'Clock News" team in a revue with Richard Curtis & Howard Goodall. Directed by Mel Smith. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.* Until May 16.

The Seagull. New version of Chekhov's play by Thomas Kilroy, set in the west of Ireland in the late 19th century. Directed by Max Stafford-Clark with Anna Massey, T. P. McKenna, Stuart Burge & Harriet Walter. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.*

The Shadow of a Gunman. Return of Sean O'Casey's play directed by Michael Bogdanov. With Michael Pennington, Norman Rodway &

Dearbhla Molloy. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.* From May 11.

Taking Steps. by Alan Ayckbourn, directed by Michael Rudman, with Dinsdale Landen & Nicola Pagett. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

They're Playing Our Song. Tom Conti & Gemma Craven govern what is virtually a two-part musical with a swift book by Neil Simon & some pleasant tunes by Marvin Hamlisch. *Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2.*

Timon of Athens. Directed by Ron Daniels with Richard Pasco in the title role. *The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Tomfoolery. A group of Tom Lehrer's blisteringly amusing songs in a rich performance, revue-fashion, by Tricia George, Peter Reeves, Martin Connor & Dave Delve; directed by Gillian Lynne. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

First nights

Tres Marias y una Rosa. The Chilean Theatre Group in a play directed by Raoul Osorio about the changing role of the working woman. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6.* May 5-10.

A Boston Story by Ronald Gow, based on a novel by Henry James. *Thorndike, Leatherhead, Surrey.* May 5-23.

Total Eclipse. Simon Callow as Paul Verlaine & Hilton McRae as Arthur Rimbaud in Christopher Hampton's play about the two 19th-century French poets. Directed by David Hare. *Lyric, King St, W6.* May 5-30.

The Cherry Orchard. Patrick Garland directs Chekhov's play, with Claire Bloom, Phoebe Nicholls, Sarah Badel, Joss Ackland, Emrys James & Christopher Timothy. *Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex.* May 6.

Cats. New musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber based on the writings of T. S. Eliot. Directed by Trevor Nunn with Judi Dench, Paul Nicholas & Wayne Sleep. *New London Theatre, Drury Lane, WC2.* May 11.

Translations. English première of a new play by Brian Friel, directed by Donald McWhinnie. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.* May 12.

One Rule. Charles Hanson directs a play by Mustapha Matura about a reggae star advising young musicians how to sell themselves. *Riverside Studios.* May 12-24.

Have You Anything to Declare? French farce with Brian Cox, Derek Griffiths, Dilys Hamlett & John Phillips. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* May 13.

Hamlet. New production directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Frank Grimes in the title role. *Theatre Royal, Gerry Raffles Sq, E15.* May 15.

Feasting with Panthers. New play written & directed by Peter Coe about the trials of Oscar Wilde. With Tom Baker as Wilde, Frank Shelley, Lockwood West, Aubrey Woods & Donald Houston. *Chichester Festival Theatre.* May 20.

Britannicus. English version of Racine's tragedy directed by Christopher Fettes. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* May 25.

Two & Two Make Sex. Comedy by Richard Harris & Leslie Darbon. *Thorndike, Leatherhead.* May 26.

Sergeant Musgrave's Dance. John Arden's play about a group of soldiers arriving in a strike-bound northern town. Directed by John Burgess with John Thaw as Musgrave. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* May 27.

★ CINEMA ★

Any Which Way You Can. Clint Eastwood alternates good films and bad films. This is one of the bad ones in which he is regularly accompanied by a grimacing orang-utang named Clyde.

Atlantic City. Entertaining but morally dubious Louis Malle movie about a small-time racketeer (Burt Lancaster in fine form) who has the chance to make a splash. Trouble is it makes killing look utterly painless.

Best Boy. Award-winning documentary by Ira Wohl about a mentally retarded American.

The Blood of Hussain. Written, directed & acted by Jamil Dehlavi with Kika Markham, the film is about the power struggle in modern Pakistan.

Brothers & Sisters. Thriller set in the north of England about a woman's murder & men's attitudes to women. Directed by Richard Woolley, with Carolyn Pickles.

The Cat & the Canary. Remake of the comedy-thriller about the family of an eccentric millionaire summoned to hear his will 20 years after his death. Directed by Radley Metzger with Honor Blackman, Edward Fox, Wendy Hiller, Beatrix Leh-

mann, Daniel Massey & Peter McNery.

Chariots of Fire. Based on the life of Harold Abrahams, the first Jew to win the Olympic 100 metres title in 1924. Directed by Hugh Hudson, with Ben Cross, Ian Charleson, John Gielgud, Ian Holm & Patrick Magee.

Coal Miner's Daughter. The story of country-music star Loretta Lynn, told with gritty style by British director Michael Apted. Sissy Spacek plays the Kentucky-born heroine with honesty.

Crazy Mama. Jonathan Demme directs this story of the adventures that befall a mother & daughter travelling through America in the 1950s. With Cloris Leachman, Stuart Whitman, Ann Sothern & Jim Backus.

From the Life of the Marionettes. German film directed by Ingmar Bergman about the investigation of a murder.

Gloria. Lovely performance by Gena Rowlands as a gangster's moll taking a seven-year-old kid round a steamy New York. Unsentimental direction by John Cassavetes.

The Great Santini. Fascinating portrait of a Marine Corps monster (Robert Duvall) let down by the sentimental notion that he is not really such a bad chap after all.

Heartland. Award-winning film about life in 19th-century Wyoming. With Conchata Ferrell & Rip Torn.

The Idolmaker. Ray Sharkey plays a 1950s American singer/songwriter who promotes two young men to pop stardom in fulfilment of his own failed ambitions. Directed by Taylor Hackford.

Inside Moves. The attempts by a group of handicapped people to lead normal & rewarding lives. Directed by Richard Donner with John Savage & Harold Russell.

Kagemusha. Impressive, 16th-century Japanese epic about a thief who takes over from a warlord whose physical double he is. Directed by 70-year-old Akira Kurosawa.

The Kidnapping of the President. Political intrigue set in Argentina, directed by George Mendeluk. With William Shatner, Hal Holbrook, Van Johnson & Ava Gardner.

Little Lord Fauntleroy. Ricky Schroder as the winsome kid, Alec Guinness as the crotchety grandfather, Jack Gold as the more-than-able director. But a needless re-make.

The Long Good Friday. A tough, fast, entertaining film about a London gangster (the splendid Bob Hoskins) grappling with the IRA. The best British movie for some time.

Loophole. Martin Sheen plays a bankrupt architect tempted to join a gang on a bank raid. Directed by John Quested with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Robert Morley, Jonathan Pryce & Colin Blakely.

Loulou. Or how a middle-class girl (Isabelle Huppert) falls in with a randy slob (Gérard Depardieu) and finds true love. Maurice Pialat directs well but skirts round the real problems.

The Mirror Crack'd. Cosy Miss Marple mystery slackly transferred to the screen. Only Angela Lansbury & Edward Fox lend it a touch of class.

Nine to Five. Three secretaries (Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton) kidnap the boss and take over the office. No reason why not; but the film slithers into indulgent fantasy.

No Nukes. Excerpts from five concerts given in New York to raise money for nuclear disarmament. With Bruce Springsteen, Jackson Browne, James Taylor & Crosby, Stills & Nash.

Ordinary People. Robert Redford directs this film about strained family relationships. With Donald Sutherland & Mary Tyler Moore.

Phobia. Psychological thriller directed by John Huston, with Paul Michael Glaser & Susan Hogan.

Popeye. Disney live-action version of the cartoon characters. Directed by Robert Altman with Robin Williams, Shelley Duvall & Paul Smith.

Private Benjamin. Comedy about a young widow who joins the Army. Directed by Howard Zieff, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Brennan, Armand Assante & Robert Webber.

Prostitute. Tony Garnett's account of the hard, harassed life of the contemporary tart. Looks truthful but leaves the spectator at a distance.

Raging Bull. The story of boxer Jake LaMotta. Directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert de Niro in the title role.

Rock Show. A filmed concert by Paul McCartney & his group Wings.

Sphinx. Thriller set in Egypt about the search for the tomb of King Seti. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner with Lesley-Anne Down, Frank Langella & John Gielgud.

Stalker. Science fiction story directed by Andrei Tarkovsky about three men travelling through a

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Stardust Memories. Woody Allen's least attractive picture to date: a bilious swipe at fans & admirers, riddled with self-importance.

Stir Crazy. Comedy directed by Sidney Poitier with Gene Wilder & Richard Pryor wrongfully imprisoned for a bank robbery.

The Stunt Man. A real pleasure. The subject is the power and paranoia inseparable from the business of movie-making; and there is a blisteringly funny performance from Peter O'Toole as a director who makes God look like an under-achiever.

Tess. Award-winning film by Roman Polanski based on Thomas Hardy's novel. With Natasha Kinski, Peter Firth & Leigh Lawson.

★ BALLET ★

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Isadora, choreography MacMillan, music Rodney Bennett, with Park, Mason, Wall, Jefferies, Rencher, Deane & Mary Miller, May 2, 6, 12; with Conley, Mason, Hosking, Jefferies, Rencher, Deane & Mary Miller, May 7.

The Sleeping Beauty, choreography Petipa, music Tchaikovsky, with Collier, Wall—50th Anniversary of the Royal Ballet performance—May 5; with Ellis, Jefferies, May 9 2pm; with Penney, Eagling, May 9; with Porter, Silver, May 11.

Triple bill, May 8, 14: **The Dream,** choreography Ashton, music Mendelssohn, with Penney, Wall, May 8; with Penney, Silver, May 14; **A Month in the Country,** choreography Ashton, music Chopin, with Porter, Silver, Rencher, Fletcher, May 8; with Park, Coleman, Rencher, Fletcher, May 14; **La Fin du Jour,** choreography MacMillan, music Ravel; with Park, Penney, Eagling, Hosking, May 8; with Collier, Penney, Eagling, Hosking, May 14.

Quadruple bill, May 13, 15: **Hamlet,** choreography Helpmann, music Tchaikovsky, with Wall, May 13; with Eagling, May 15; **Symphonic Variations,** choreography Ashton, music Franck; with Park, Wall, Ellis, Paisey, Coleman, Eagling, May 13; with Penney, Eagling, Ellis, Paisey, Jefferies, Silver, May 15; a **pas de deux** to be announced; **The Concert,** choreography Robbins, music Chopin, with Connor, Coleman, Derman.

Romeo & Juliet, choreography MacMillan, music Prokofiev; with Ellis, Deane, Jefferies, Jude, Batchelor, Eyre, Rencher, Wood, MacGibbon, May 16 2pm; with Collier, Eagling, Coleman, Drew, Batchelor, Conley, Somes, Larsen, Rencher, May 16; with Porter, Wall, Jefferies, Drew, Deane, Eyre, Rencher, Wood, Hosking, May 18; with Collier, Eagling, Wall, Deane, Silver, Derman, Rencher, Larsen, MacGibbon, May 19; with Park, Dowell, Coleman, Drew, Eagling, Derman, Somes, Larsen, Rencher, May 21; with Park, Dowell, Coleman, Drew, Eagling, Conley, Somes, Larsen, Rencher, May 26.

Quadruple bill, May 20, 23: **The Dream,** with Collier, Dowell; **Hamlet,** with Dowell; a **pas de deux** to be announced; **The Concert,** with Connor, Coleman, Derman, May 20; with Park, Coleman, Derman, May 23.

Triple bill, May 22, 23 2pm, 25: **The Firebird,** choreography Fokine, music Stravinsky, with Porter, Jefferies, Rencher, Derman, May 22, 25; with Chadwick, Jefferies, Drew, Derman, May 23; **Scènes de Ballet,** choreography Ashton, music Stravinsky; with Penney, Coleman, May 22, 23; with Collier, Wall, May 25; **The Rite of Spring,** choreography Macmillan, music Stravinsky, with Mason.

SCOTTISH BALLET, at Brighton Festival, Theatre Royal, Brighton:

Giselle; Les Sylphides/Variations for Four/Cheri. May 4-9.

Special gala performance of divertissements.

Capitol, Aberdeen. May 19.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow. May 21.

Playhouse, Edinburgh. May 22.

THEATRE DU SILENCE, ballet contemporain, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1: Two programmes. May 5-16.

LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE on tour: Two programmes.

New Theatre, Cardiff. May 20-23.

Haymarket, Leicester. May 26-30.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET on tour:

Giselle, Coppélia.

New Theatre, Oxford. Apr 27-May 2.

Theatre Royal, Newcastle. May 4-9.

Coppélia.

New Theatre, Cardiff. May 12-16.

New small group, with ballets including new

works by Pink & Prokofsky.

King's Theatre, Southsea. May 27.

ALEXANDER ROY LONDON THEATRE BALLET on tour:

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Theatre Royal, St Helens. May 7-9.

Civic Theatre, Mansfield. May 19.

Georgian Theatre, Richmond, Yorks. May 21-23.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET on tour: **The Rake's Progress, Pineapple Poll, The Taming of the Shrew, Giselle, Les Sylphides, Paquita, Polonia, Brouillards.**

Coventry Theatre, Coventry. Apr 27-May 2.

Hippodrome, Bristol. May 4-9.

Theatre Royal, Nottingham. May 11-16.

Congress, Eastbourne. May 18-23.

★ OPERA ★

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden WC2:

Lohengrin, conductor Downes, with Peter Jürgen Schmidt as Lohengrin, Heather Harper as Elsa, Eva Randová as Ortrud, Donald McIntyre as Telramund, Manfred Schenk as Heinrich I. May 1.

On tour: **Otello,** conductor C. Davis, with Carlo Cossutta as Otello, Stefka Evstatieva as Desdemona, Piero Cappuccilli as Iago. May 7, 11, 15, 20, 23, 27.

Lohengrin, conductor Downes, with Peter Hofmann as Lohengrin, Guglielmo Sarabia as Telramund, rest as above. May 8, 13, 16, 21, 25, 29.

Tosca, conductor Patané, with Grace Bumbry as Tosca, Franco Bonisolli as Cavaradossi, Donald McIntyre as Scarpia. May 9, 12, 18, 28.

Die Zauberflöte, conductor Sillem, with Stuart Burrows as Tamino, Yvonne Kenny as Pamina, Jonathan Summers as Papageno, Thomas Thomaschke as Sarastro, Zdzisława Donat as the Queen of the Night. May 14, 19, 26, 30.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Ariadne auf Naxos, conductor Lockhart, with Angela Bostock as Ariadne, Marilyn Hill-Smith as Zerbinetta, Sally Burgess as the Composer, Kenneth Woolam as Bacchus. May 1, 6, 8.

Julius Caesar, conductor Mackerras, with Janet Baker as Julius Caesar, Valerie Masterson as Cleopatra, Sarah Walker as Cornelia. May 2.

Anna Karenina, conductor Williams, new production by Colin Graham, designed by Ralph Koltai and Anneta Stubbs, with Lois McDonnell as Anna Karenina, Geoffrey Pogson as Count Vronsky, Geoffrey Chard as Karenin, Alan Opie as Oblonsky. May 7, 14, 16, 19, 22, 29.

The Barber of Seville, conductor Judd, with Cynthia Buchan as Rosina, Anthony Roden as Almaviva, Russell Smythe as Figaro. May 9, 13, 15, 20.

Salome, conductor Elder, with Josephine Barstow as Salome, Sarah Walker as Herodias, Emile Belcourt as Herod, Neil Howlett as Jokanaan, John Treleaven as Narraboth. May 18, 21, 23, 26, 30.

Golden Jubilee Gala: scenes from **La Bohème, Peter Grimes, Don Carlos, Die Fledermaus,** conducted by Elder & Mackerras. May 28.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA, Lewes, Sussex:

Le nozze di Figaro, conductor Inbal, with Alberto Rinaldi as Figaro, Norma Burrowes as Susanna, Richard Stilwell as Count Almaviva, Isobel Buchanan as the Countess, Faith Esham as Cherubino. May 27, 29, 31.

Il barbiere di Siviglia, conductor Canbreling, new production by John Cox, designed by William Dudley, with John Rawnsley as Figaro, Max-René Cosotti as Count Almaviva, Maria Ewing as Rosina, Claudio Desderi as Bartolo. May 30.

KENT OPERA, Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1:

Falstaff, Il ballo delle ingrate & Venus and Adonis, Così fan tutte. Apr 27-May 2.

SCOTTISH OPERA, Theatre Royal, Glasgow: **Eugene Onegin.** May 6, 9, 14, 16, 19.

The Makropoulos Case. May 12, 15.

The Barber of Seville. May 21.

On tour: **Eugene Onegin, The Makropoulos Case.**

Theatre Royal, Newcastle. May 26-30.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA, New Theatre, Cardiff:

The Barber of Seville, The Greek Passion, The Marriage of Figaro, La traviata. Apr 28-May 9.

On tour: **The Barber of Seville, Rigoletto, La traviata, The Greek Passion.**

Hippodrome, Bristol. May 12-16.

La traviata, Rigoletto, The Greek Passion. Coventry Theatre, Coventry. May 19-23.

The Marriage of Figaro, La traviata. Theatr Clwyd, Mold. May 27-30.

★ MUSIC ★

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Lopez-Cobos; Robert Hill, clarinet. Falla, Three dances from The Three-Cornered Hat; Weber, Clarinet Concerto No 2; Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade. May 1, 7.45pm.

Amsterdam Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Kersjes; Iona Brown, violin. Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto; Beethoven, Symphony No 3 (Eroica). May 3, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, Gentlemen of the Honorable Artillery Company, conductor Balkwill. Viennese evening: Mozart, Symphony No 40; Music by Strauss. May 10, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Hopkins; Richard Markham, piano. Grieg, Peer Gynt Suite No 1; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 2; Debussy, Clair de lune; Schubert, Symphony No 8 (Unfinished); Rimsky-Korsakov, Capriccio Espagnole. May 17, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Scots Guards, conductor Bond; Anthony Peebles, piano. Tchaikovsky evening. May 24, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, Trepak Dancers, conductor Nash. Khachaturian, Dvorák, Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchaikovsky, Borodin. May 31, 7.30pm.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:

Wren Orchestra, conductor Snell; Maurice Bourgue, oboe. Strauss, Sonatina in F for wind, Oboe Concerto in D, Dance scene from Ariadne, Serenade No 2. May 5, 7.30pm.

Julian Farrell, clarinet; **Roger Vignoles,** piano. Poulenc, Sonata; Debussy, Rhapsody; Weber, Grand Duo Concertant. May 7, 1.15pm.

Nash Ensemble. Spring series IV: Dutilleul, Piano Sonata; Maw, Flute Quartet; Messiaen, Quatuor pour la fin du temps. May 7, 7.30pm.

Orchestra of St John's Smith Square, conductor Lubbock; Antony Pay, clarinet. Haydn, Symphony No 46; Mozart, Clarinet concerto in A K622. May 11, 1pm.

Richard Graves, piano. Schubert, Sonata in A minor D537; Beethoven, Sonata in B flat Op 22; Schumann, Kinderszenen Op 15; Ravel, Jeux d'eau; Chopin, Ballade No 1. May 15, 7.30pm.

Louise Williams, violin; **Garfield Jackson,** viola. Mozart, Duo in B flat; Ysaÿe, Sonata No 2 for solo violin; Rolla, Duo Concertante. May 21, 1.15pm.

Angela Brownridge, piano; **Rose Andresier,** guitar. Debussy, Villa Lobos, Weber, Calleja, Falla, Tarrega, Camilleri, Balakirev. May 21, 7.30pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

(FH=Festival Hall; EH=Queen Elizabeth Hall; PR=Purcell Room)

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Temirkanov; Eliso Virsaladze, piano. Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1; Stravinsky, Le chant du rossignol; Debussy, La mer. May 1, 8pm. FH.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Rozhdestvensky; Colin Carr, cello. Tippett, Concerto for double string orchestra; Elgar, Cello Concerto; Maxwell Davies, St Thomas Wake: foxtrot for orchestra; Britten, The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra. May 2, 8pm. FH.

Handel Opera Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Farncombe; Wendy Eathorne, Linda Darnell, sopranos; Lynda Russell, mezzo-soprano; Tom McDonnell, baritone; Vernon Midgeley, tenor; Malcolm Smith, bass. Handel, Susanna. May 2, 7.45pm. EH.

Wilhelm Kempff, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in E flat Op 31 No 3; Schubert, Sonata in A minor D845; Schumann, Twelve Etudes symphoniques Op 13. May 3, 3.15pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Svetlanov; Vladimir Spivakov, violin. Rimsky-Korsakov, Introduction & Wedding March from Le coq d'or; Prokofiev, Violin Concerto No 1; Tchaikovsky, Fantasy-Overture Romeo & Juliet; Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from Prince Igor. May 3, 7.30pm. FH.

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Kitaenko; Oleg Krysa, violin. Rimsky-Korsakov, Suite: The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh; Tchaikovsky, Violin Concerto; Rachmaninov, Symphony No 2. May 4, 8pm. FH. (Preceded by a talk in the RFH Waterloo Room: Rachmaninov's Symphony No 2, G. Norris. 5.55pm. 80p.)

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Tennstedt; György Pauk, violin. Mozart, Violin Concerto in A K219; Bruckner, Symphony No 4 (Romantic). May 5, 8pm. FH.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Negri; William Bennett, flute; Jose-Luis Garcia, violin.

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Ghedini, Concerto Alderina for violin & flute; Vivaldi, Concerto Grosso in D minor Op 3 No 11; Mozart, Flute Concerto in G K313, Symphony No 40. May 6, 7.45pm. **EH**.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Tennstedt; Clifford Curzon, piano. Mozart, Symphony No 36 (Linz), Piano Concerto in A K488; Beethoven, Symphony No 5. May 7, 8pm. **FH**.

Vlado Perlemuter, piano. Chopin, Fantasy in F minor Op 49, 24 Preludes Op 28; Schumann, Kreisleriana Op 16. May 7, 7.45pm. **EH**.

Amsterdam Concertgebouw, conductor Haitink. Mozart, Symphony No 39; Debussy/Escher, Six épigraphes antiques; Shostakovich, Symphony No 5. May 8, 8pm. **FH**.

Amsterdam Concertgebouw, conductor Haitink. Bruckner, Symphony No 8. May 9, 8pm. **FH**.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor del Mar; Moura Lympany, piano. Delius, Paris, The Song of a Great City; Grieg, Piano Concerto; Strauss, Don Juan, Introductions to Acts 1 & 3 & waltzes from Der Rosenkavalier. May 10, 3.15pm. **FH**.

Scottish National Orchestra, conductor Gibson; György Pauk, violin; Margaret Marshall, soprano. Brahms, Violin Concerto; Mahler, Symphony No 4. May 11, 8pm. **FH**.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Jochum; Linda Esther Gray, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Werner Hollweg, tenor; Kurt Moll, bass. Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No 4; Beethoven, Symphony No 9 (Choral). May 13, 8pm. **FH**.

London Sinfonietta. Muller-Siemens, Variations on a Waltz by Schubert; Wagner, Siegfried Idyll; Schönberg, Verklärte Nacht. May 13, 7.45pm. **EH**.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus (ladies), **Southend Boys' Choir**, conductor Abbado; Yvonne Minton, mezzo-soprano. Mahler, Symphony No 3. May 14, 8pm. **FH**.

Halle Orchestra, conductor Loughran; Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in B flat K595; Bruckner, Symphony No 9. May 15, 8pm. **FH**.

London Bach Orchestra, conductor Sidwell; Douglas Cummings, cello. Vivaldi, Sinfonia al santo sepolcro; Haydn, Cello Concerto in D; Bach, Suite No 4; Beethoven, Symphony No 4. May 15, 7.45pm. **EH**.

Philharmonia Orchestra, Bach Choir, conductor Willocks; Valerie Masterson, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor; Gwynne Howell, bass. Beethoven, Mass in D (Missa Solemnis). May 16, 8pm. **FH**.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Abbado; Shlomo Mintz, violin. Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto, Symphony No 4 (Italian). May 17, 3.15pm. **FH**.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, conductor de Burgos; Margaret Marshall, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Stuart Burrows, tenor; Tom Krause, baritone. Mendelssohn, Elijah. May 17, 7.30pm. **FH**.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Leppard; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano. Berlioz, Réverie et caprice for violin & orchestra; Handel, O Had I Jubal's Lyre, Dove sei, Dopo Notte; Mendelssohn, Infelice; Mozart, Symphony No 41 (Jupiter). May 18, 8pm. **FH**.

English Bach Festival: Colin Tilney, clavichord, harpsichord & chamber organ. Bach, The Well-Tempered Klavier: complete 48 Preludes & Fugues in a series of recitals. May 18, 19, 21, 22, 5.55pm. **PR**; **English Bach Festival Baroque Orchestra, Dancers & Chorus**, conductor McGegan; Lynda Russell, Nais; Ann Mackay, Flore/Une bergère; Michael Goldthorpe, Neptune; Ian Caddy, Jupiter/Telenus; John Tomlinson, Pluton; Henry Herford, Tiresie; Brian Parsons, Asterion. Rameau, Nais (semi-staged). May 23, 8pm. **FH**.

Philharmonia Orchestra, Royal Choral Society, conductor M. Davies; Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Kenneth Bowen, tenor. Fricker, The Vision of Judgment; Harris, American Folk Symphony. May 21, 8pm. **FH**.

Johann Strauss Orchestra & Dancers, Jack Rothstein, director & violin. Johann Strauss Gala. May 23, 25, 7.45pm; May 24, 7.15pm. **EH**.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Muti. Mozart, Divertimento K251; Elgar, Overture, In the South (Alasiao); Prokofiev, Suite, Romeo & Juliet. May 26, 8pm. **FH**.

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor von Karajan. Bruckner, Symphony No 5. May 27, 8pm. **FH**.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dorati; Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Janos Starker, cello. Haydn, Symphony No 104 (London); Dorati, Cello Concerto; Brahms, Double Con-

certo. May 28, 8pm. **FH**.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dorati; Yehudi Menuhin, violin. Haydn, Symphony No 104 (London); Bartók, Violin Concerto No 2; Brahms, Symphony No 1. May 31, 3.15pm. **FH**.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

Musie Group of London; Alan Civil, horn; Hugh Bean, violin; Christopher Wellington, viola; Eileen Croxford, cello; David Parkhouse, piano. Mozart, Piano Quartet No 1 K478; Brahms, Horn Trio in E flat Op 40; Dvorák, Piano Quartet No 2. May 2, 7.30pm.

Benjamin Frith, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in D (Pastoral), 32 Variations in C minor, Sonata in B flat (Hammerklavier). May 3, 3.30pm.

Thérèse Dussaut, piano. Schubert, Sonata in B flat D960; Ravel, Miroirs. May 4, 7.30pm.

Kerry Brown, mezzo-soprano; **Helen Smith**, piano. Haydn, Wolf, Fauré, Debussy, Warlock, Montsalvate, Songs. May 7, 7.30pm.

Brenda Lucas, piano. Mozart, Rondos in D K485, in A minor K511, Fantasia in D minor K397; Bach, Partita in B flat; Liszt, Consolation No 3, Liebestraum No 3, Waldestrauchen, Gnomengarten; Chopin, Fantaisie Impromptu Op 66, Impromptu in A flat Op 29, Ballade in A flat Op 47. May 8, 7.30pm.

Gabrieli String Quartet. Dvorák, Two Waltzes Op 54 Nos 1 & 4, Quartet No 14; Beethoven, Quartet in E flat (The Harp). May 9, 7.30pm. (Preceded by a talk: Antonin Dvorák & the string quartet, J. Smaczny, 6.15pm, 50p.)

William Howard, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in F sharp Op 78; Schumann, Bunte Blätter Op 99 Nos 1-9; Prokofiev, Sonata No 2 in D minor Op 14; Wood, Three Pieces; Chopin, Sonata in B minor Op 58. May 10, 7.30pm.

Songmakers' Almanac; Felicity Lott, soprano; Linda Finnie, mezzo-soprano; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. The life & songs of Henri Duparc. May 15, 7.30pm.

Fitzwilliam String Quartet; Christopher van Kampen, cello. Dvorák, Quartet movement in F, Nielsen Quartet No 4; Schubert, String Quintet in C D956. May 16, 7.30pm.

Peter Katin, piano. Chopin, Ballade in A flat Op 47, Three Waltzes Op 64, Sonata in B flat minor Op 35, Bacarolle Op 60, Fantaisie in F minor Op 49, Nocturne in B Op 62 No 1, Polonaise in A flat Op 53. May 17, 7.30pm.

Ralph Markham, Kenneth Broadway, piano duet. Mozart, Sonata in C K521; Rubinstein, Sonata in D Op 89; Pauk, Nebulae; Debussy, Six épigraphes antiques; Chopin, Variations in D; Liszt, Grand galop chromatique. May 19, 7.30pm.

Tom Krause, baritone; Irwin Gage, piano. Schumann, Dichterliebe Op 48; Sibelius, Brahms, Songs. May 20, 7.30pm.

Henri Honegger, cello. Bach, Suites No 1, No 5, No 3. May 22; Suites No 2, No 4, No 6. May 25; 7.30pm.

Peter Bithell, piano. Haydn. Variations in F minor; Schumann, Kreisleriana Op 16; Rachmaninov, Variations on a theme of Corelli, Six Preludes from Ops 23 & 32. May 23, 7.30pm.

Mayumi Fujikawa, violin; **Michael Roll**, piano; **Richard Markson**, cello. Mendelssohn, Piano Trio No 1; Dvorák, Piano Trio No 2; Brahms, Piano Trio in C Op 87. May 27, 7.30pm.

Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, Harmon Lewis, David Willison, Geoffrey Parsons, Roger Vignoles, pianos; **Gary Karr**, double bass; **John Williams**, guitar; **Lucia Popp, Felicity Lott**, sopranos; **Sarah Walker, Ann Murray**, mezzo-sopranos; **Benjamin Luxon**, baritone. Wigmore Hall 80th anniversary gala. May 31, 7pm.

★ FESTIVALS ★

Wrekin & Telford Festival, Salop. Apr 24-May 23.

Aberystwyth Festival, Dyfed. May 1-4.

Brighton Festival, E Sussex. May 2-17.

Oxford Poetry Festival, Oxford. May 4-11.

Merton Festival, London SW19. May 6-23.

Bristol Proms, Avon. May 8-16.

London Handel Festival, St George's, Hanover Sq, W1. May 9-17.

Ashington Festival, Northumberland. May 10-22.

Newbury Spring Festival, Berks. May 13-23.

Leeds Musical Festival, W Yorks. May 16-30.

Richmondshire Festival, N Yorks. May 16-June 7.

Malvern Festival, Worcs. May 17-30.

Pidochry Festival Theatre Season, Tayside. May 19-Oct 17.

Tilford Bach Festival, Surrey. May 20-23.

Perth Festival of Arts, Tayside. May 20-31.

Bath Festival, Avon. May 22-June 7.

St David's Cathedral Bach Festival, Dyfed. May

23-31.

Dickens Festival, Rochester, Kent. May 28-31.

Nottingham Festival, Nottingham. May 30-June 14.

Waltham Forest Arts Festival, E17. May 31-June 14.

★ EXHIBITIONS ★

Animals in Persian, Turkish & Mughal art, MSS, miniatures & paintings from 16th & 17th centuries. *British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1.* Until Sept 2, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed May 4.

Architect-designers: Pugin to Mackintosh, including works by Morris, Gimson, Barnsley & Powell. *Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond St, W1.* May 5-29, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Closed May 4 & 25.

Art of the East. Oriental paintings, sculpture, furniture, textiles & works of art. *Colnaghi, 14 Old Bond St, W1.* Until May 15, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Closed May 4.

C.R. Ashbee & the Guild of Handicraft. Architectural designs, silverwork, jewelry, furniture, leatherwork, printed books & bookbindings. *Fine Art Society.* May 5-29.

George Borrow, exhibition to mark the centenary of his death. *British Library, British Museum.* Until June 28.

Canaletto, paintings, drawings & etchings from the Royal Collection. *Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace, SW1.* Until end 1981, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 75p. Open May 4 & 25.

The conservation of oriental writing materials. The work of the British Library's Department of Oriental MSS & Printed Books. *British Library, British Museum.* Until May 24.

Design & Disability, products available for the disabled. *Design Centre, Haymarket, SW1.* Apr 29-June 20, Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm, Weds, Thurs until 9pm. May 4, 22, 25, 2.30-6.30pm.

Design for Dance, including works by Bakst, Benois, Erté, Beaton, Knight, Rutherton & Tchelitchev. *Charles Spencer Theatre Gallery, 82 York St, Seymour Pl, W1.* May 11-June 5, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Thurs until 1pm. Closed May 25.

Ray Garvey, paintings & drawings. *Woodlands Gallery, 90 Mycenae Rd, SE3.* Until May 5. Thurs-Tues 10am-7.30pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Alberto Giacometti, sculptures, paintings, drawings. An Arts Council exhibition. *Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, W2.* Until May 17, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat, Sun until 7pm.

Anthony Gross, etchings 1960-80. *Blond Fine Art, 33 Sackville St, W1.* May 14-June 6, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed May 25.

Christopher Hall, paintings. *New Grafton Gallery, 42 Old Bond St, W1.* Apr 30-May 27, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. Closed May 4 & 25.

Hille: 75 years of British furniture-making. Major exhibition demonstrating the growth of the company's influence on the modern furniture industry. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7.* Until May 31, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. 50p. Closed May 4.

Paul Hirsch Music Library, printed music, MSS, books on music; & the **Olga Hirsch Collection** of decorated papers. *British Library, British Museum.* Until June 14.

David Hockney, paintings & drawings relating to sets & designs for New York's Metropolitan Opera productions of "Les mamelles de Tirésias", "Parade" & "L'enfant et les sortilèges". *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6.* May 5-June 7, Tues-Sun noon-8pm, Mon until 6pm. 50p. Closed May 25.

Hooking, drifting & trawling: five centuries of the fishing industry. *National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, SE10.* Until Apr 1982, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Closed May 4.

Timothy Hyman, recent paintings. *Blond Fine Art.* May 14-June 6.

Elayne Jacobs, paintings. *Hamilton's, 13 Carlos Pl, W1.* Apr 27-May 12, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Closed May 4.

Phillip King, 25 sculptures. *Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1.* Apr 24-June 14, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.50 (also admits to Raymond Moore exhibition).

Landscape: the printmaker's view. 20th-century printmaking & the European landscape tradition. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1.* May 13-end July, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Kenneth Martin, paintings & drawings. *Waddington Galleries II, 34 Cork St, W1.* May 6-30, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed May 25.

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botson. *Stanley Gibbons Romano House Gallery*, 399 Strand, WC2. May 1-29, Mon-Fri 9.30am-4.30pm. Closed May 4 & 25.

Modern British photography 1904-73. Arts Council exhibition. *Photographers' Gallery*, *Gi Newport St*, WC2. May 1-31, Mon-Sat 11am-7pm, Sun noon-6pm. Closed May 4 & 25.

Metropolis, portrait of a city. selection of photographs from the 1981 GLC photography competition. *Royal Festival Hall foyer, South Bank, SE1*. Until May 17, daily in performance hours.

Raymond Moore, photography retrospective. *Hayward Gallery*. Apr 24-June 14. £1.50 (also admits to Phillip King exhibition).

Christina Motta, sculpture. *Hamilton's*. Apr 28-May 12.

Victor Newsome, drawings & paintings. *Anne Berthoud Gallery*, 1 Langley Ct, WC2. May 12-June 12, Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat until 2pm. Closed May 25.

Painters & sculptors from the Greenwich Studios, including work by Jeff Dellow, Bill Crozier, Katherine Gili & Mary Shemilt. *Woodlands Gallery*. May 9-June 9.

Pearls, pearls, pearls. New jewelry by Nicola Appleby, Ingeborg Bratman, Susan Clarke, Lexi Dick, Audrey Dryden-Brownlee, Abigail Fleissig, Pauline Gainsbury, Cynthia Jenkins & Marilyn Nicholson. *H. Knowles-Brown*, 27 Hampstead High St, NW3. Until May 30, Tues-Fri 9am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Photoworld '81. Exhibition of aspects of photography. *Olympia, Hammersmith Rd, W14*. May 2-6, daily 11am-9pm. £1.50 (£1 after 7pm).

Jacqui Poncelet, new ceramics. *Crafts Council Gallery*, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1. Until May 16, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. Closed May 4.

Preservation for Pleasure, the work of the Landmark Trust. *RIBA Heinz Gallery*, 21 Portman Sq, W1. Apr 30-June 13, Mon-Fri 11am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Closed May 4 & 25.

Robert Rauschenberg, paintings, drawings & "combines" from 1949 to the present. *Tate Gallery*. Apr 29-June 14. £1. Closed May 4.

Rescuing historic landscapes & buildings, urban & rural conservation. *Islington Central Library Gallery*, 2 Fieldway Cres, N5. May 4-30, Mon-Fri 9am-8pm, Sat until 5pm. Closed May 4 & 25.

The Royal Ballet at Liberty's, 50th anniversary exhibition of costumes & memorabilia from the archives of the Royal Opera House. *Liberty's, Regent St, W1*. Apr 29-May 23, Mon-Fri 9am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat from 9.30am. Closed May 4.

A Royal Engagement. 40 colour photographs of the Prince of Wales from 1953 to the present. *Kodak Photographic Gallery*, 246 High Holborn, WC1. Until end June, Mon-Fri 9am-4.45pm. Closed May 4 & 25.

Royal Society of Portrait Painters, annual exhibition. *Mall Galleries, The Mall, SW1*. May 20-June 10, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed May 25.

Royal Westminster, paintings, sculpture, archaeological relics, illuminated MSS, gold & silver objects illustrating 1,000 years of history since the granting of the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors royal charter. *RICS House, Parliament Sq, SW1*. May 21-Aug 31, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.80.

Sir Gordon Russell 1892-1980. Furniture by Russell & the company he founded. *Design Centre*. May 13-July 4.

Seeing the Invisible. 50 years of electron microscopy. *Science Museum*. Until Oct 4. Closed May 4.

Angela Culme Seymour, recent watercolours & zodiac prints. *RSA Contract Interiors*, 58 Lower Sloane St, SW1. Until May 31, Mon-Fri 9.15am-5.30pm. Closed May 4 & 25.

Some Chantrey favourites. 40 works from the Chantrey Bequest arranged by the Tate Gallery. *Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1*. Until May 24, daily 10am-6pm. £1.50 (£1 Sun until 1.45pm).

Spotlight: four centuries of ballet costume in tribute to the Royal Ballet, a major exhibition presented by the Theatre Museum. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until July 26. £1.50 (Sat 50p).

William Strang 1859-1921. Exhibition in association with the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield, of paintings & etchings by this realist. *National Portrait Gallery*. Until June 28.

Summer Exhibition. *Royal Academy*. May 16-Aug 16. £1.80. (Sun until 1.45pm £1.20.)

Summer exhibition of post-Impressionist & Victorian paintings. *Roy Miles Gallery*, 6 Duke St, SW1. May 12-June 12, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-1pm. Closed May 25.

Treasures for the Nation. Friends of the National Libraries jubilee exhibition including books, book-

bindings & MSS. *British Library, British Museum*. May 22-Sept 27.

Boyd Webb, new work. *Anthony d'Offay*, 23 Dering St, W1. Until May 23, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed May 4.

George Buchanan Wollaston 1814-99. Watercolour drawings of rural England in the 1880s. *Covent Garden Gallery*, 20 Russell St, WC2. May 7-29, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm, Sat until 12.30pm. Closed May 25.

Antiques fairs

Ludlow Antiques Fair, *Overton Grange Hotel, Ludlow, Salop*. May 7-9.

West of England Antiques Fair, *Assembly Rooms, Bath, Avon*. May 12-16.

Antique Toy & Doll Convention, *Cunard International Hotel, W6*. May 17.

Glasgow Antiques Fair, *Albany Hotel, Glasgow*. May 18-20.

Snap Antiques Fair, *Snap Maltings, near Aldeburgh, Suffolk*. May 20-23.

★ SALEROOMS ★

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7: Bygones, curiosities & works of art. May 1, 10.30am.

Jewelry. May 1, 11am.

Silver. May 5, 2.30pm; May 19, 11am.

Furniture. May 7, 14, 21, 28, 2.30pm.

Oil paintings. May 7, 14, 21, 28, 11am.

Porcelain. May 8, 29, 11am.

Wine. May 12, 11am.

Prints & books. May 13, 2pm.

Bygones, including small collection of advertising material. May 15, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S, 8 King St, SW1: English watercolours & drawings. May 6, 10.30am.

Art Nouveau & Art Deco. May 6, 11am.

19th-century ceramics. May 11, 11am.

Musical instruments. May 13, 11am.

English furniture, rugs & carpets. May 14, 11am.

Charles Tunnicliffe's studio sale. May 15, 11am.

English porcelain. May 18, 11am.

Decorative prints. May 19, 11am.

Objects of vertu & miniatures. May 19, 11am.

Antiquities. May 20, 11am.

Jewels. May 20, 11am.

Wine. May 28, 11am.

Continental furniture. May 28, 11am.

PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1: Silver & plate. May 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 11am.

Furniture, carpets & works of art. May 5, 12, 19, 11am.

Watercolours. May 5, 11am.

Prints. May 5, 2pm.

Chinese & Japanese ceramics & works of art. May 6, 20, 11am.

Lead soldiers. May 6, noon.

Postage stamps. May 7, 14, 21, 28, 11am.

Furniture, carpets & objects. May 11, 18, 11am.

Impressionist & modern Continental oil paintings. May 11, 2pm.

Jewelry. May 12, 1.30pm.

English & Continental ceramics & glass. May 13, 27, 11am.

Cricketers & sporting items. May 13, noon.

Musical instruments. May 14, 11am.

Books, MSS & maps. May 14, 1.30pm.

English paintings. May 19, 2.30pm.

Pot lids, fairings, Goss & commemorative ware. May 20, noon.

Miniatures, fans & icons. May 20, 2pm.

Art Nouveau & decorative arts. May 21, 11am.

Oil paintings. May 26, 2pm.

Baxter prints & Stevengraphs. May 27, noon.

Scientific instruments. May 27, 2pm.

SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1: 19th-century European paintings. May 6, 11am & 2.30pm.

20th-century paintings, drawings, watercolours & sculpture. May 7, 2.30pm.

Continental autograph letters & MSS. May 12, 13, 11am.

Old Master & modern prints. May 13, 14, 11am & 2.30pm.

Musical instruments. May 15, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

Books & MSS from the library of the late André Simon. May 18, 11am.

Illuminated MSS from the John Carter Brown Library. May 18, 11am.

The Honeyman collection of scientific books & MSS. May 19, 20, 11am.

Printed books. May 21, 11am.

Topographical pictures. May 28, 11am.

★ LECTURES ★

BRITISH LIBRARY, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1:

Treasures of English book painting, J. Lee. May 2, 23, noon.

From Charlemagne to the Gothic court (medieval European painting before the Gothic style), J. Lee. May 9, 30, noon.

Gothic manuscript illumination & the international style, J. Lee. May 16, noon.

Gallery talk:

Animals in Persian, Turkish & Mughal art, B. Brend. May 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, noon.

LONDON COLISEUM, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Composing "Anna Karenina", I. Hamilton. May 6, 1pm. £1.

Repertory & style: do the public, Press & Friends of the English National Opera have different criteria? R. Milnes. May 12, 1pm. £1.

LYTTELTON, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1:

The universal theatre: the British Museum & its public, Dr D. Wilson. May 14, 6pm. £1.20.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Pl, WC2:

Looking old? Now & then—portraits of the elderly, J. Kerslake. May 9, 3.30pm; May 12, 1pm.

Renaissance portraits, A. Cox. May 23, 3.30pm; May 26, 1pm.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St, WC2:

Small is possible, G. McRobie. May 6, 6pm.

The Highgate Literary & Scientific Institution: 1839 to today, G. Gosling. May 11, 6pm.

The importance of air power, Air Chief Marshall Sir D. Smallwood. May 13, 6pm.

Law & order, Sir D. McNee. May 20, 6pm.

Free tickets in advance from the Secretary.

SOCIETY FOR THEATRE RESEARCH, Art Workers' Guild, 6 Queen Sq, WC1:

My happy life in the theatre, L. Lister. May 19, 8.30pm.

★ SPORT ★

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

FA Cup Final, *Wembley Stadium, Middx*. May 9.

FA Trophy Final, *Wembley Stadium*. May 16.

Home internationals:

England v Brazil, *Wembley Stadium*. May 12.

England v Wales, *Wembley Stadium*. May 20.

England v Scotland, *Wembley Stadium*. May 23.

London home matches:

Arsenal v Aston Villa, May 2.

Charlton Athletic v Gillingham, May 2.

Chelsea v Notts County, May 2.

Millwall v Chesterfield, May 2.

West Ham v Wrexham, May 2.

Wimbledon v Bury, May 2.

ATHLETICS

AAA Marathon, *Rugby, Warwicks*. May 10.

UK National Championships, *Antrim, NI*. May 24, 25.

BADMINTON

England v China: *Albert Hall, SW7*, May 4;

Sunderland, Durham, May 8; *Preston, Lancs*, May 11; *Birmingham*, May 13; *Portsmouth*, Hants, May 15; *Cardiff*, May 18.

BASKETBALL

Harlem Globetrotters, *Wembley Arena*. May 15-24.

CRICKET

(SC)=Schweppes Championship, (BH)=Benson & Hedges Cup, (JP)=John Player League.

MCC v Middx, *Lord's*. Apr 29-May 1.

Lavinia Duchess of Norfolk's XI v Australia, *Arundel*. May 16.

Lord's: Middx v Essex (SC), May 6-8; **v Hants (BH)**, May 9; **v Hants (JP)**, May 10; **v Sussex (BH)**, May 19; **v Sussex (SC)**, May 23, 25, 26; **v Sussex (JP)**, May 24.

The Oval: Surrey v Derby (SC), May 13-15; **v Middx (JP)**, May 17; **v Middx (BH)**, May 21; **v Hants (SC)**, May 23, 25, 26; **v Minor Counties (BH)**, May 30; **v Derby (JP)**, May 31.

CYCLING

Milk Race Tour of Britain, start Brighton, E Sussex, May 24; finish Blackpool, Lancs, June 6.

EQUESTRIANISM

Beamish Driving Event, *Stanley, Co Durham*. May 2, 3.

Royal Windsor Horse Show, *Windsor, Berks*. May 13-17.

Royal Ulster Agricultural Show, *Balmoral, Belfast, NI*. May 19-22.

Windsor Horse Trials, Windsor, May 22-24.
Bramham Horse Trials & Yorkshire Country Fair, Wetherby, W Yorks. May 28-31.
International Dressage Championships, Goodwood, W Sussex. May 29-31.
Seone Palace Driving Event, Nr Perth, Tayside. May 29-31.
Everest Double Glazing International Showjumping, Hickstead, W Sussex. May 29-31.

FENCING

At the de Beaumont Centre, 83 Perham Rd, W14:
Sabre Championship & Sabre Team Championship, May 2, 3.
Wilkinson Sword National Invitation Foil Championship, May 9.
Miller-Hallet International Epée, May 16, 17.
Ladies' Foil Championship, May 30, 31.

GOLF

Lytham Trophy, Royal Lytham & St Anne's GC, Nr Blackpool, Lancs. May 2, 3.
Martini International, Wentworth, Surrey. May 14-17.
Brabazon Trophy, Hillside GC, Southport, Merseyside. May 15-17.
Sun Alliance PGA Championship, Ganton, Yorks. May 22-25.
Dunlop Masters, Woburn, Beds. May 28-31.

GYMNASTICS

Thames Television Junior Gymnast of the Year finals, Wembley Arena. May 3.
British Team Championships: Women, May 23; **Men**, May 23, 24; **Mansfield, Notts**.
British Championships (women), Coventry, W Midlands. May 30, 31.

HORSE RACING

2,000 Guineas Stakes, Newmarket. May 2.
Royal Doulton Hurdle, Haydock Park. May 4.
Jubilee Stakes, Kempton Park. May 4.
Musidora Stakes, York. May 12.
Mecca-Dante Stakes, York. May 13.
Yorkshire Cup & Duke of York Stakes, York. May 14.
Lockinge Stakes, Newbury. May 16.

Cecil Frail Handicap, Haydock Park. May 23.

POLO

National 16-goal Championship, Cirencester, Glos. May 17-24.

Queen's Cup, Windsor, Berks. May 30-June 7.

ROWING

Nottinghamshire International, Holme Pierrepont, Nottingham. May 30, 31.

RUGBY UNION

John Player Cup final, Twickenham. May 2.
Middlesex Seven-a-Side finals, Twickenham. May 9.

TENNIS

Trophée Pernod: **West Worthing**, W Sussex, Apr 27-May 2; **Chichester**, W Sussex, May 4-9; **Lee-on-Solent**, Hants, May 11-16.
Paddington Tournament, Castellain Rd, W9. May 18-23.

West of Scotland Championships, Glasgow. May 25-30.

★ ROYAL EVENTS ★

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh pay a State Visit to Norway. May 5-7.
Princess Margaret, as President of the Royal Ballet, attends a Gala Performance of "The Sleeping Beauty" as part of the 50th birthday celebrations of the Royal & Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet. **Royal Opera House**, Covent Garden, WC2. May 5.
The Queen Mother opens The Queen Mother Sports Centre. **Longmoor St, SW1**. May 6.
The Queen Mother receives the Freedom of the Royal Borough of Windsor & Maidenhead. **Home Park**, Windsor, Berks. May 8.
The Queen, accompanied by the **Duke of Edinburgh**, inaugurates the Oil Terminal. **Sullom Voe**, Shetland. May 9.
Princess Margaret attends a Service to mark the 700th Anniversary of the re-building of **St Asaph's Cathedral**, Clwyd. May 12.
The Duke of Edinburgh, as an Honorary Fellow of the Zoological Society of London, visits **Whipsnade Zoo**, Beds. May 18.
The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend the **Chelsea Flower Show**. **Royal Hospital, SW3**. May 18.
The Prince of Wales is clothed with the Livery of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths & lunches with members of the Court. **Goldsmiths' Hall**, Foster Lane, EC2. May 27.
The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh visit the British Museum (Natural History) to mark the Museum's Centenary in South Kensington. **Cromwell Rd, SW7**. May 27.
The Prince of Wales visits **Twickenham** as part of the town's 900th Anniversary celebrations.

Middle, May 28.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend the Annual Gala of the English National Opera to celebrate its 50th Anniversary. **London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2**. May 28.

The Queen, accompanied by the **Duke of Edinburgh**, opens Robinson College & the Edinburgh Building of the Cambridge University Press. **Cambridge**. May 29.

★ OTHER EVENTS ★

Padstow 'Obby 'Oss, Padstow, Cornwall. May 1.
Open Days, Frogmore Gardens & Royal Mausoleum, Windsor, Berks. May 6, 7.

Helston Furry Dance, Helston, Cornwall. May 8.

Spalding Flower Parade, Spalding, Lincs. May 9.

International Air Fair, Biggin Hill, Kent. May 16, 17.

Chelsea Flower Show, Royal Hospital Rd, SW3. May 19-22 (RHS members only on May 19).

Open days backstage, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2. May 19, 22, 29. For times ring 01-836 0111 ext 16.

International Gathering in celebration of the Year of the Scot, various venues in Edinburgh. May 23-30.

Beating the Bounds, Tower of London, EC3; **All Hallows-by-the-Tower**, EC3; May 28, 7pm.

Beating the Retreat, Chester Castle, Cheshire. May 29; **Armed Services Tattoo**, Chester. May 30, 31.

Military Aircraft Display, Shuttleworth Collection, Old Warden Aerodrome, Biggleswade, Beds. May 31.

★ GARDENS ★

BEDFORDSHIRE

Aspley Guise Gardens: **Aspley House** (Mr & Mrs Stanbury), Manor Close (Sir Kenneth & Lady Allen), **The Rookery** (Mr. C. R. Randall), **Nr Bletchley**, May 24, 2.30-6.30pm.

BERKSHIRE

Ashridge Wood Cottage (Maj & Mrs Edwin Crosland), Forest Rd, Nr Wokingham. May 24, 2-6pm.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

Cliveden (National Trust), **Nr Taplow**. Daily, 11am-6.30pm.

Little Paston (Mr F.P.W. Maynard), **Fulmer Common Rd, Fulmer**. May 24, 2-6pm.

CHESHIRE

Capesthorpe (Sir Walter Bromley-Davenport), **Nr Macclesfield**. Sun, Wed, Sat, Bank Holiday Mon, 2-6pm.

Penn (Mr & Mrs R.W. Baldwin), **Nr Alderley Edge**. May 17, 24, 25, 2-6pm or by appointment.

Tushingham Hall (Mr F. Moore Dutton), **Nr Whitchurch**. May 3, 2-6.30pm.

CORNWALL

Ken Caro (Mr & Mrs K.R. Willcock), **Bicton Pensilva, Nr Liskeard**. May 24, 31, 2-6pm.

Tremere Gardens, **St Tudy, Nr Bodmin**. May 10, 2-6pm.

DERBYSHIRE

The Limes (Mr & Mrs W. Belton), **Apperknowle, Nr Chesterfield**. May 13, 17, 31, 2-6pm.

DEVON

The Downes (Mr & Mrs R.C. Stanley-Baker), **Nr Bideford**. May 24-31, 2-6pm or by appointment.

DORSET

Compton Acres (Mr & Mrs J.R. Brady), **Canford Cliffs Rd, Poole**. Daily, 10.30am-6.30pm.

Highbury (Mr & Mrs Stanley Cherry), **West Moors, Nr Bournemouth**. Sun, Bank Hol, 2-6pm.

DURHAM

Egglesstone Hall Gardens (Mrs W.T. Gray), **Egglesstone, Nr Barnard Castle**. May 24, 2-6pm.

Westholme (Mr & Mrs McBain), **Winston, Nr Darlington**. May 31, 2-7pm.

ESSEX

Little Chesterfield Manor (Mr & Mrs W.H. Mason), **Nr Saffron Walden**. May 24, 2-6pm.

18 St John's Avenue (Mr Roger A. Hammond), **Brentwood**. May 3, 10am-5pm or by appointment for weekends.

GLOUCESTER

The Level (Mr & Mrs R.H.H. Taylor), **Pillowell, Nr Lydney**. Sun, Thurs, 2-6pm or by appointment.

Lower Churn (Mr & Mrs A.N. Sturt), **South Cerney, Nr Cirencester**. May 3, 2-6pm.

Misarden Park (Maj M.T.N.H. Wills), **Misarden, Nr Stroud**. May 3, 24, 2-6pm.

GWENT

Wyndeliff Court (Mr H.A.P. Clay), **St Arvans, Nr Chepstow**. May 30, 31, 2-7pm.

HAMPSHIRE

Exbury Gardens (Mr Edmund de Rothschild),

Exbury, Nr Beaulieu. Daily, 2-6.30pm.

Greatham Mill (Mrs E.N. Pumphrey), **Liss, Nr Petersfield**. May 4, 25, 2-7pm.

Spinnars (Mr & Mrs P.G.G. Chappell), **Boldre, Nr Lymington**. Daily, except Mon (open Bank Hols), 2-6pm.

Spring Wood, Hackwood Park (Viscount Camrose), **Nr Basingstoke**. May 17, 2-6pm.

HEREFORDSHIRE

Abbey Dore Court (Mrs C.L. Ward), **Abbey Dore, Nr Hereford**. Daily, 10.30am-6.30pm.

Bredon Springs (Mr Ronald Sidwell), **Paris, Ashton-under-Hill, Nr Evesham**. Sat, Sun, Wed, Bank Hol Mon and following Tues, 10am-dusk.

HERTFORDSHIRE

Hipkins (Mr Stuart Douglas Hamilton), **Broxbourne**. May 24, 2.30-6pm.

Woodhall Park (Mr & Mrs Thomas Abel Smith), **Nr Watton-at-Stone, Nr Hertford**. May 31, 1.30-6pm.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cedar Lodge (Mr & Mrs Philip Grimaldi), **Puckpool, Ryde**. May 24, 2.30-5.30pm.

KENT

Birds Isle (Mr & Mrs L.R. Fincham), **St Michaels, Nr Tenterden**. May 24, 2-6pm.

The Cedars (Mr & Mrs P. Pettman), **Smallhythe Rd, Tenterden**. May 24, 2-6pm.

Doddington Place (Mr John Oldfield), **Doddington, Nr Sittingbourne**. May 17, 31, 2-6pm.

LANCASHIRE

Stonestack (Mr & Mrs Frank Smith), **283 Chapelton Rd, Turton, Nr Bolton**. May 24, 25, 2-6pm.

LEICESTERSHIRE

Gunthorpe (Mr A.T.C. Haywood), **Nr Oakham**. May 17, 2.30-6pm.

LONDON

13 Selwood Place (Mrs Anthony Crossley), **South Kensington, SW7**. May 7, 2.30-6.30pm.

NORFOLK

Elmham House Gardens (Mr R.S. Don), **Elmham, Nr East Dereham**. May 31, 2-6pm.

Mill House (Mr M.A. Buxton), **Westacre, Nr Swaffham**. May 24, 2-6pm.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

7 Barratt Lane (Mr & Mrs D.J. Lucking), **Attenborough, Beeston, Nr Nottingham**. May 16, 17, 30, 31, 2-6pm.

Old Mill House (Mr & Mrs E.A. Nicoll), **Cuckney, Nr Mansfield**. May 31, 2-6pm.

OXFORDSHIRE

Haseley Court & Coach House (Viscount & Viscountess Hereford & Mrs C.G. Lancaster), **Little Haseley, Nr Thame**. May 3, 2-7pm.

Troy (Mr & Mrs T. Ruck Keene), **Ewelme, Nr Wallingford**. May 3, 4, 2-7pm.

POWYS

Gregynog (University of Wales), **Tregynon, Nr Newtown**. May 31, 2-7pm.

SHROPSHIRE

Broncroft Castle (Mr & Mrs C.T.C. Brinton), **Craven Arms, Nr Bridgnorth**. May 24, noon-6pm.

Brotton Hatch (Mr & Mrs R.A. Rogers), **Brocton, Nr Wenlock**. May 7, 14, 2-5.30pm.

SOMERSET

Brympton d'Evercy (Mr Charles E.B. Clive-Ponsonby-Fane), **Nr Yeovil**. From May 2, daily, except Thurs, Fri, 2-6pm.

Clapton Court (Capt S.J. Loder), **Nr Crewkerne**. Daily, except Sat, 10am-5pm; Sun, 2-5pm.

Hadsden House (Trustees of the late Sir Arthur Hobhouse), **Nr Castle Cary**. Tues, Wed, Thurs, 10am-5pm; Sun, 2-5pm or by appointment.

STAFFORDSHIRE

The Field (Mr & Mrs R. Martin), **The Wergs, Nr Wolverhampton**. May 17, 2.30-7pm.

SURREY

Abinger Mill (Mr & Mrs Donald Austen), **Abinger Hammer, Nr Dorking**. May 30, 2-5.30pm or by appointment.

Bellasis House (Mr Paul Wates), **Box Hill, Nr Dorking**. May 31, 2-6pm.

Fairway Lodge (Cdr & Mrs Innes Hamilton), **Wentworth, Virginia Water**. May 17, 24, 2-7pm.

SUSSEX

Cissbury (The Hon Mrs R.J.P. Wyatt), **Nepcote, Findon, Nr Worthing**. May 24, 25, 2.30-5.30pm.

Cooksbridge (Mr & Mrs N. Tonkin), **Fernhurst, Nr Haslemere**. May 30, 31, 2-6pm.

Joan Nightingale House (The Little Black Bag Housing Association), **Bolnere Rd, Haywards Heath**. May 2, 2-6pm.

WILTSHIRE

Broadleas (Lady Anne Cowdray), **Nr Devizes**. Wed, Sun May 10, 2-6pm or by appointment.

YORKSHIRE

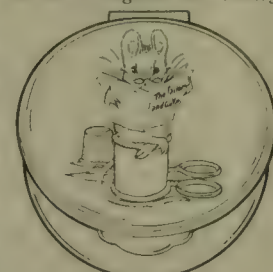
York Gate (Mrs Sybil B. Spencer), **Adel, Leeds 16**. May 30, 31, 2-6pm.

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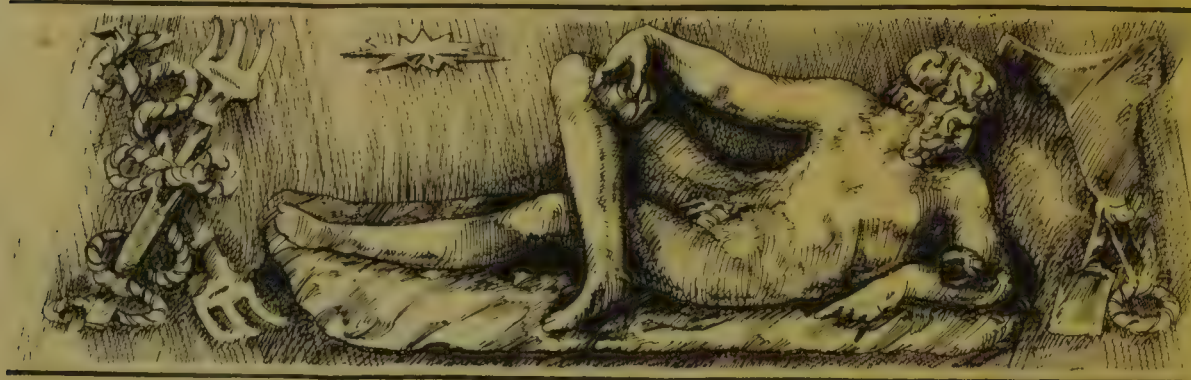
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Shadows of the gunmen



"Not again. Not another one of those days of grim unity, with everyone remembering where they were when they heard the news. How many times have we all gathered together, tragically united around the altar of events? The mind, unbidden, wonders what people elsewhere must think of us, and it calls a grim roll . . ." These anguished words were published in the *New York Times* on the morrow of a lone gunman's attempt to assassinate President Reagan outside the Hilton hotel in Washington on March 30. The first thoughts of most people outside the United States were probably similar to those inside—shock, concern and sorrow, followed by sympathy, relief that though seriously wounded neither the President nor the three others hit by bullets were killed, and finally perhaps puzzlement that Americans seem still so reluctant to take steps that might help to deter violent crime.

The brutal facts of the assassination attempt were recorded by photographers and television cameramen, and were thus quickly seen by millions all over the world. The President emerged from the VIP entrance at the back of the hotel, waving to a small group of onlookers and pressmen as he moved towards his car. A 25-year-old man, John Hinckley, who had stationed himself in a roped-off area reserved for the Press, pulled out a gun and within a few seconds had fired six shots in the direction of the President. One bullet hit a window of the President's car. One hit the

A television camera catches the moment of the shooting, with the attacker's gun, right.

President's Press Secretary, James Brady, seriously wounding him in the head. One hit a policeman, Thomas Delaharty, in the neck. One hit a Secret Service agent, Timothy McCarthy, in the chest. One hit the side of the armour-plated car and ricocheted into Mr Reagan's body, ending up in his lung. The President was taken to hospital where the bullet was successfully removed in an operation from which he was quick to recover. Hinckley was overpowered by police and Secret Service agents, and after being formally charged with the attempted assassination was sent for psychiatric examination.

The gun used by Hinckley was bought in a pawnbroker's shop in Dallas for \$47. It is estimated that at present more than 50 million firearms are owned by ordinary American citizens, which suggests statistically that one in four Americans owns a gun of one kind or another. Guns are readily and cheaply available in many States, the justification being self-defence, as enshrined in the Second Amendment to the Constitution, passed by Congress in 1791, which reads: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." The militia has turned into the National Guard, which, though a local organization, is controlled by the Federal

Government, but that Government has little control over handguns. It is a frightening fact that in the last two decades many more Americans have killed each other by the use of guns than were killed during the Second World War.

Stricter control on the purchase and possession of guns will not by itself resolve the problems of violence in America or of protecting Presidents. In a democratic society in which he has to seek votes to win election the business of communicating directly with people, what Americans call "pressing the flesh", is essential, and no President or presidential candidate has been prepared to give it up, in spite of the obvious risks. The circumstances of the attempted killing of President Reagan follow closely the pattern of previous incidents, which is that such acts are generally carried out by loners, men or women with no regular job, few friends, often from broken homes, who regard themselves as outcasts of society. Such people, if determined enough, will always be able to find a way of getting close to a President, but making it much more difficult to get hold of a gun could certainly reduce the opportunity of attempting assassination. A more effective method of protection, for presidents and citizens alike, would be to obtain wider recognition that violence does not resolve problems, but that is an assumption that some individuals in all societies have great difficulty in accepting.

Monday, March 9

Civil servants staged a one-day strike in support of their pay dispute, causing disruption to airports, tax computation, the courts and public services. The next day the Civil Service unions launched a cargo blockade of Ireland, aimed at halting freight traffic with Ulster and the British mainland.

The US Secretary of State, Alexander Haig, had two days of talks with Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the West German Foreign Minister.

Tuesday, March 10

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Geoffrey Howe, presented his budget to the House of Commons. His proposals included: minimum lending rate reduced from 14 per cent to 12 per cent; petrol and derv up 20p a gallon; spirits up by 60p a bottle, wines by 12p a bottle, beer by 4p a pint; cigarettes up by 14p for 20; road tax up by £10 to £70 a year; pension, sickness and other benefits to be increased by about 9 per cent in November; a new tax on North Sea oil to raise £1 billion in 1981-82; and a one-off tax on bank profits to raise £400 million.

More than 24 hours of heavy rain caused flooding in the West Country, South Wales and the Midlands.

The chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization, Yasser Arafat, had private talks with the British Ambassador to Lebanon, Benjamin Strachan, in Beirut.

President Giscard d'Estaing of France announced that he had sold the diamonds found to him by the former Emperor Bokassa and given the proceeds to charities in the Central African Republic.

US President Ronald Reagan paid a two-day state visit to Canada where he had talks with the Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

Wednesday, March 11

Britain rejected the EEC agricultural price package recommended for the coming 12 months, which would raise EEC farm support prices by about 8 per cent and food prices by 2½ per cent but would give British farmers no increase at all.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Peter Terry was appointed Deputy Supreme Allied Commander Nato forces in Europe.

Britain and Guatemala agreed on a formula for the resolution of the territorial dispute over Belize. An official treaty was expected by 1982.

The Prime Minister of Malta, Dom Mintoff, strongly rebuked a magistrate for dismissing a case against the deputy leader of the opposition Nationalist Party, charged with making false accusations against Mr Mintoff and the police; and he banned distribution of *The Times* on the island.

The three terrorists who seized a Pakistan Airline Boeing 720 and its passengers and crew on March 2 surrendered at Damascus after 54 political prisoners in Pakistan were released. The remaining hostages were freed. President Zia later accused the banned opposition Pakistan People's Party of carrying out the skyjack.

Eleven people were killed and 57 injured in anti-government riots in the Kosovo province of Yugoslavia, 190 miles south-east of Belgrade. A state of emergency was declared.

Sir Maurice Oldfield, former head of British Intelligence, died aged 65.

Thursday, March 12

The Secretary of State for Social Services, Patrick Jenkin, announced that foreign visitors to Britain were to be charged for hospital treatment.

Friday, March 13

The Civil Aviation Authority granted Laker Airways a scheduled service licence between Gatwick and Zurich at the expense of British Airways, to start

in April, 1982.

Mortgage rates were cut from 14 per cent to 13 per cent.

Saturday, March 14

Ken Barrington, cricketer, died of a heart attack in Barbados while with the English Test team as assistant manager. He was 50.

Sunday, March 15

The French film director René Clair died aged 82.

Monday, March 16

The Government's majority slumped to 14 in the vote on the 20p increase on petrol tax: eight Conservative MPs voted against the Government and 25 abstained.

In Iran Ayatollah Khomeini announced the setting up of a three-man reconciliation committee in an attempt to heal the dispute between President Bani-Sadr and the dominant Muslim fundamentalist party. He also banned public speeches by political leaders "while the war continues".

An opposition political rally in Nicaragua was cancelled after supporters of the ruling Sandanista Front had burnt down the house of the opposition leader, Alfonso Robelo.

Tuesday, March 17

EEC ministers agreed to endeavour to introduce a uniform EEC passport by January 1, 1985.

Armed forces from four Warsaw Pact countries—the Soviet Union, Poland, East Germany and Czechoslovakia—began exercise Soyuz 81 in the Baltic area.

Wednesday, March 18

The Palace Theatre in Manchester reopened after a £3 million renovation.

South African forces were reported in action inside Angola and in Mozambique in operations against the South West African People's Organization.

In Bridgetown, Barbados, the West Indies won the Test match against England by 298 runs.

Thursday, March 19

The Government announced it would grant £210 million in an attempt to save International Computers. The firm had a loss of £20 million in the first three months of the financial year.

Hope was abandoned for the crew of six of the fishing vessel *Celerity*, lost in stormy seas off the Pentland Firth on March 18.

Foot-and-mouth disease was confirmed in Jersey; by March 22 the disease had spread to the Isle of Wight.

The Spectator was bought by Algy Cluff, millionaire founder of Cluff Oil.

The 36-bed NHS Bromhead Nursing Home, Lincoln, was sold to a private consortium of general practitioners and local consultants for £225,000. It was to be run as a non-profit-making trust.

The Bank of England issued a £50 note, the first since 1943, and a new version of the £1 note.

Mrs Anwar Ditta, a British-born Pakistani woman, won a five-year battle with the Home Office to bring her three children into Britain.

Riot police broke up a sit-in in a government building in the northern Polish city of Bydgoszcz, where the formation of a free union for farmers was being discussed. Members of the independent union Solidarity and city

councillors were injured and the union called two-hour lightning strikes in protest, and later threatened a general strike.

Friday, March 20

British Leyland announced an overall loss in 1980 of £535.5 million after a deficit of £144.5 million in 1979. Sir Michael Edwardes, the chairman, appealed to the Government to reduce interest rates to enable the firm to take advantage of potential export markets.

Saturday, March 21

Mike Hailwood, former world motor cycle racing champion, was fatally injured in a road accident near Tanworth-in-Arden, Warwickshire. He was 40. His nine-year-old daughter was also killed in the crash and his six-year-old son slightly injured.

Sunday, March 22

The Soviet spaceship Soyuz 39 with a two-man crew was launched from Baikonur space centre. It was to link up with the Salyut 6 orbital space laboratory manned by two cosmonauts. Soyuz 39 returned to Earth safely on March 30.

Italy devalued the lira by 6 per cent.

Monday, March 23

Ronald Biggs who escaped from Wandsworth Prison while serving sentence for his part in the Great Train Robbery, was handed to the police in Barbados having been taken forcibly from a restaurant in Brazil on March 17.

The Civil Service unions intensified their industrial action by calling out further Inland Revenue staff to block collection of government revenue.

British Leyland recalled all 48,000 Mini Metros sold in Britain for modification of the steering column.

Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck died aged 96.

Tuesday, March 24

The number of unemployed in Britain rose to 2.38 million in March, or 9.9 per cent of the workforce.

A republican extremist gang shot a senior British Leyland official in the legs while he was lecturing at Trinity College, Dublin.

A two-day strike by white-collar staff at British Leyland's Longbridge plant over plans to cut 4,250 jobs was declared official.

The United States announced it would provide another \$63.5 million aid to El Salvador to help cope with problems caused by the civil war.

Wednesday, March 25

British Rail submitted a £5,670 million plan to modernize the railways over the next ten years. The present ceiling on railway investment would be almost doubled, and 38,300 jobs would go by 1985, mostly by natural wastage.

Anti-government groups in Uganda damaged the main electricity supply line from Owen Falls, plunging Kampala and the whole of western Uganda into darkness. The broadcasting station on Bugolobi Hill was damaged and the telephone services disrupted also.

At least eight senior judges refused to take a new oath of office giving President Zia ul-Haq complete freedom to change Pakistan's constitution and were forced to resign.

A letter bomb addressed to Conservative MP Jill Knight was intercepted in the Palace of Westminster sorting office.

Thursday, March 26

The Social Democratic party, led by Roy Jenkins, David Owen, William Rodgers and Shirley Williams, was launched at Press conferences in London and other major cities in the UK.

In a statement to the House of Commons the Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, declared that the former head of MI5, Sir Roger Hollis, accused

in articles and a book by journalist Chapman Pincher of working as a Soviet agent, had twice been investigated but that no incriminating evidence had been found. She also announced a review of security procedures and practices to see if any changes were required and asked MI5 to investigate the sources of Mr Pincher's information to discover if classified information had been leaked.

At least 15 people were drowned in floods in South Africa's Eastern Cape Province.

Japanese scientists announced that they had produced a stable chemical compound which would store solar energy; 2.2lb of the substance would conserve 92,000 calories.

Friday, March 27

Britain's GEC won a £550 million export order for the new coal-fired Castle Peak B power station for Hong Kong.

The Secretary for Trade, John Biffen referred Lonrho's planned purchase of *The Observer* to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission.

President Reagan nominated John Louis, 55, as US Ambassador to Britain.

Saturday, March 28

About 30,000 Ulster Protestants marched through Belfast in support of the Rev Ian Paisley and his campaign against any "sell-out" to the Irish Republic.

Sunday, March 29

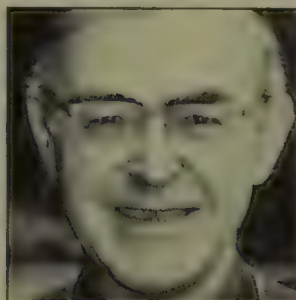
In the first London marathon, run from Greenwich Park to Buckingham Palace, about 80 per cent of the 6,700 competitors completed the 26 mile 385 yard course.

The Prince of Wales left England for a five-week tour of New Zealand, Australia, Venezuela and the USA.

Dr Eric Williams, Prime Minister of Trinidad and Tobago since 1961, died aged 69.

Monday, March 30

A gunman shot and wounded President Reagan, his Press Secretary, James Brady, a policeman and a Secret Service agent outside a hotel in Washington. After an operation to remove a bullet from his lung the President was pronounced out of danger. The gunman, John W. Hinckley Jr, 25, was taken into custody and charged with attempted assassination.



It was announced that Dr Graham Leonard, Bishop of Truro, would be the new Bishop of London.

After talks between the Polish government and leaders of the union Solidarity, the threatened general strike in Poland in protest at the violence in Bydgoszcz on March 19 was suspended. The communist authorities agreed to put on trial and punish those responsible for the Bydgoszcz incident. Robert Mugabe's ruling party had landslide victories in municipal elections held in black areas of Salisbury, Zimbabwe.

Nearly 70 bodies were found near Kampala, Uganda, after a weekend of violence. The killings were claimed to be reprisals for guerrilla bombings and other attacks.

Tuesday, March 31

Riot police used tear gas to disperse several thousand farmers, mainly from

France and Italy, who had besieged the headquarters of the EEC's Council of Ministers in Brussels in support of their demand for higher farm prices. The following day the EEC agricultural minister agreed on a 9.5 per cent average increase in minimum prices guaranteed to the Community's eight million farmers.

Wednesday, April 1

After two days of talks in London Western bankers agreed to reorganize the time scale for repayment of Poland's debts and to make new loans.

An attempted military coup in Thailand organized by General Sant Chitpatima collapsed after 24 hours. General Sant fled the country.

Lord Carrington, British Foreign Secretary, arrived in Peking for two days of talks with Chinese leaders.

England drew the Test match against the West Indies in Antigua, one day having been lost through rain.

Thursday, April 2

Anthony Wedgwood Benn declared his intention to challenge Denis Healey for the deputy leadership of the Labour Party and ignored a public appeal from Opposition Leader Michael Foot that he should withdraw.

Heavy fighting was reported between the Arab peace-keeping forces and right-wing militia groups in Beirut and Zahle, Lebanon. Efforts to operate a cease-fire were abortive.

American Defence Secretary Caspar Weinberger stated that the Soviet Union had increased its capacity to invade Poland during the previous 48 hours. The Warsaw Pact exercises, begun on March 17, continued.

The Prime Minister of Belgium, Wilfried Martens, resigned following the collapse of the Christian Democrat and Socialist coalition on March 30. The Finance Minister, Mark Eyskens, was asked by King Baudouin to try to form a government.

A state of emergency was declared in the British Caribbean colony of Belize after riots over independence proposals and territorial concessions to Guatemala.

Saturday, April 4

The TUC launched its national week of protest against unemployment and government spending cuts.

Aldaniti, ridden by Bob Champion, won the Grand National at Aintree.

Oxford beat Cambridge by eight lengths to win the University Boat Race for the sixth successive year.

Sunday, April 5

President Brezhnev of the Soviet Union arrived in Prague to attend the Czechoslovak Communist Party Congress. In a speech to the Congress President Brezhnev said that he believed the Polish leadership would be able to "oppose the designs of the enemies of socialism"; but Dr Husak, the Czechoslovak party leader, reminded the Poles that there were certain matters which were the concern of all socialist states.

Alexander Haig, the US Secretary of State, began a tour of Egypt, Israel, Saudi-Arabia and Jordan to talk with Middle East leaders.

Tuesday, April 7

The Warsaw Pact manoeuvres, carried out since March 7 in Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany and the Soviet Union, ended.

Wednesday, April 8

The Polish submarine *Resolution* was unable to go to sea because the Civil Service unions' strike halted maintenance and supply work on the vessel. Staff at Brora, Sutherland, which feeds intelligence information to the government communications HQ at Cheltenham, were also brought out for 48 hours.

The American five-star general Omar Bradley died aged 88.



Assassination attempt: March 30, 2.30pm, Washington, DC. President Reagan has just been hit by a bullet below the left armpit, left, and is about to be hustled into the presidential car by a Secret Service agent, seen behind him. At first it was not realized that the President had been wounded.



The President's Press Secretary, a policeman and a Secret Service agent (foreground) were also wounded.



John Hinckley was charged with the shootings.



A scene of confusion as police and Secret Service agents close in on the gunman. The colonel who bears the codes needed to launch a nuclear attack lies helpless, left, as the President is driven off.



Three days after the shooting the President was able to pose with his wife Nancy for photographers.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

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GAMMA FRANK SPÖNER

ASSOCIATED PRESS



Crisis in Poland: After city councillors and members of the union Solidarity were injured when riot police broke up a meeting in Bydgoszcz, northern Poland, the union called for strikes that further damaged the country's crippled economy. The union's leader Lech Walesa called for moderation and the threatened general strike was suspended when the communist authorities agreed to bring to trial and to punish those responsible for the incident in Bydgoszcz.



Show of force: Armed forces of four Warsaw Pact countries—the Soviet Union, Poland, East Germany and Czechoslovakia—took part in Soyuz 81, an exercise of unusual scope and duration in East Germany and along Poland's Baltic coast. The manoeuvres lasted throughout the Polish crisis until April 8.



Now is the time . . . The Social Democratic Party, led by former Cabinet ministers Roy Jenkins, David Owen, William Rodgers and Shirley Williams, was launched at a press conference on March 26. Afterwards the four leaders set off for further regional launches and to appeal for funds; the preferred subscription is £9 a year.



REUTERS ASSOCIATED



PRESS ASSOCIATION



KEYSTONE PRESS

Visitor from Africa: In his three-day state visit to Britain President Shagari of Nigeria, seen with the Prime Minister, pressed for tougher economic sanctions against South Africa and more western pressure on Pretoria for a Namibian solution.



THE TIMES

Seal of approval: The Queen with the Prince of Wales and Lady Diana Spencer, top, after giving her formal consent to their marriage at a Privy Council meeting. Above, Prince Charles leaving to visit New Zealand, Australia, Venezuela and the USA.

All change: A £200 million redevelopment scheme will transform Liverpool Street station into one of the most modern terminals in Europe by 1990. British Rail's plans include preservation of the Great Eastern Hotel and the western train sheds.



PRESS ASSOCIATION



ALL SPORT



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Historic race: Susan Brown, the first woman to cox a Boat Race crew, steered Oxford to an eight-length victory in the 127th University Boat Race. It was Oxford's sixth consecutive win and their biggest margin of victory since 1898.



PRESS ASSOCIATION

London's marathon: Greenwich Park was the start for 6,700 runners in London's first marathon. The 26 mile 385 yard course was won by Dick Beardsley (0033) and Inge Simonsen (0020) who crossed the finishing line at Constitution Hill hand in hand in 2 hr 11.48 min. The first woman home was Joyce Smith, above. Leonard Rolls, 70, and John Walker, 61, right, were two of the oldest competitors to finish.



PRESS ASSOCIATION



PRESS ASSOCIATION

Double victory: Bob Champion, the 32-year-old jockey who fought and won a battle against cancer, achieved a second victory by winning the Grand National on 11-year-old *Aldaniti*. The favourite, *Spartan Missile*, came second and *Royal Mail* third.

Parliament and the Press

by Phillip Whitehead

Thomas Jefferson, who once said that if he had to choose between a government without newspapers or newspapers without government he would unhesitatingly choose the latter, came to complain in his Second Inaugural about "the artillery of the Press, levelled against us, charged with whatsoever its licentiousness could devise or dare". He did no more than acknowledge the tension that will always exist between free governments and even a half-free Press.

The Third and Fourth Estates co-exist in a state of mutual suspicion tempered by mutual dependence. Sometimes the Press needs a compliant MP to raise under Privilege the names newspapers choose not to name themselves. Thus Geoffrey Dickens, the man they cannot gag, emerged to give the first of many press conferences about his decision to name the retired diplomat who had escaped prosecution in the Paedophile Information Exchange trial. Sometimes it is the other way round as in the case of the Moonies.

The Press is not always contralateral when it lives by disclosure, or even by comment. The Contempt of Court Bill, now before Parliament, has brought the legislators into the difficult area between free comment and disrespect for due process of law. The behaviour of the Press up to and reporting on the appearance of Peter William Sutcliffe before Dewsbury magistrates, although it followed a quite extraordinary police press conference, is already the subject of a Press Council inquiry. It has been the cause of much parliamentary comment during the early stages of the Contempt of Court Bill. The origins of the Bill, however, lie in another press campaign: that by *The Sunday Times* to force the Distillers Company to acknowledge a responsibility to the victims of the drug thalidomide. This was held in the British courts to be in contempt, in that it prejudged the legal action against the company. The European Court of Human Rights took a different view; it found for *The Sunday Times* and the right of free speech.

The Phillimore Committee had been set up in 1974 to look at the law. The Contempt Bill claims "to implement, with minor modifications", its recommendations. In fact it rejects more than half of them, including the right to jury trial for offences of abusing judges or witnesses. What it does say is likely to bring the Press even more into conflict with the Law, in an area where press freedom ought to be extended. Following the Sutcliffe case newspaper editors have received short shrift over the time from which strict liability in criminal proceedings applies. Phillimore recommended that it should be from the time of charge. The Bill advances this to the time of arrest, or the issue of a

warrant; and it applies the rule to appeal proceedings, too. This will suppress that very comment and analysis to which the media have quite properly subjected legal decisions.

Judges are to be shielded from influence as jurors are, when there is not the slightest evidence that they are influenced (as opposed to being annoyed and occasionally upset) by what the media have to say. Strict liability is also extended to the whole range of lower courts and tribunals which "exercise the judicial power of the state". Interviews with jurors such as the one carried out by the *New Statesman*, about the sole charge of conspiracy to murder in the Thorpe case, will be banned. That was not surprising. What is lamentable is that this Bill does not say firmly that pressure on parties to litigation is not contempt unless it amounts to intimidation or unlawful threats to person, property or reputation.

If the Contempt Bill goes through the Commons in its present form it is bound to inhibit the freedom of the Press to comment on matters of public interest. There is another area where Parliament could be acting in the opposite direction—to safeguard Press freedom by preserving and even extending its diversity. In the face of an increasing concentration of ownership, Parliament, like successive Royal Commissions, has been supine. This year, hard on the heels of the merger between the *Evening News* and the *Evening Standard* in London have come two audacious bids: Rupert Murdoch's News International, owner of the *Sun* and the *News of the World*, bought up *The Times* and *The Sunday Times* from Lord Thomson at the knock-down price of £12 million—less than *The Sunday Times* would have fetched if sold separately. Tiny Rowland's Lorrho, owners of the *Glasgow Herald*, have bid for the *Observer*. Rowland was referred to the Commission, but Murdoch was not, on the curious grounds that *The Sunday Times* was not a profitable newspaper.

There was here a great opportunity to extend the diversity of the Press. The editor and journalists on *The Sunday Times*, with respectable financial backing, wanted to bid for their own paper. When it was clear that the Government would let the Murdoch deal go through they initially sought to challenge the Secretary for Trade in the courts. Their resolution soon faltered.

Looked at over the last six months, in what it is doing to limit press freedom in the Contempt Bill, and in what it has failed to do to safeguard diversity in the Murdoch case, there is no sign that the Government sees any of the subtleties of the arguments for widening freedom and diversity. Nor will it have improved the accuracy of the artillery of the Press.

Phillip Whitehead is Labour MP for Derby North.

Wising up on crime

by Sam Smith

Let us take murder for example. Last year five times as many people were murdered in Houston, Texas, as in Northern Ireland. There were more people murdered in Houston in 1979 than in England and Wales combined.

That is just one crime. Over the past eight years the incidence of rape has gone up 100 per cent in Detroit. Robberies have risen 40 per cent in Washington, DC, and 269 per cent in Miami.

There has now been the seventh attempt in this century to assassinate a President with a gun. Once again the aberrant of America have the rest of the country scared, frustrated and angry.

To an outsider, say from a country with strong gun control, the US penchant for violence may lead to the supposition that Americans suffer from some genetic defect curable only by general frontal lobotomies. Most Americans, however, are no more inclined towards violence than is the average European. It is just that an unfortunate combination of historical, economic, religious and political circumstances has made it difficult to do anything about it. Every time an attempt is made to solve the crime problem a complex variety of ideological and philosophical issues rises up and demands to be solved first. The great mass of us agree that crime should be halted but we cannot for the life of us agree on such matters as civil liberties v security; the right to bear arms v the right to be unmolested; and whether we want our prisons to reform, punish or merely incarcerate.

Thus a local city council member tells me that when he introduced a gun control bill he received angry letters from as far away as Hawaii and Washington state. The gun lobby literally tied up the council telephone lines so that little other business could be conducted. It was an object lesson in why the National Rifle Association, with its \$30 million annual budget, is considered the strongest special interest lobby in the country.

Those fighting for gun control argue that the NRA has totally misread the "right to bear arms" portion of the Constitution—that it was meant only to provide for local militias, not to justify two million handguns floating freely around New York City. But the NRA draws its support not just from the mantle of the Constitution; it also plumbs a belief that you cannot rely on the government to protect you, that in this world it is everyone for themselves. It does little good to cite the appalling number of persons accidentally killed by their own weapons of "self-defence" or the number of clerks who fatally fail to outdraw the bandit on the other side of the counter.

There is ample evidence that the state has failed to protect. There are not only

the rising statistics of street crime, but increasing suggestions that crime has become one of America's biggest commercial enterprises. The Mafia is said to have moved into the mozzarella cheese business, thus tainting even the beloved American pizza. Several major labour unions are allegedly controlled by the crime syndicates.

Part of the reaction to the current crime wave is as predictable as it is futile. There are increased demands for capital punishment and mandatory sentencing. Ethical questions aside, there is little evidence that either is particularly productive and the latter could be incredibly expensive. One study suggests that doubling New York City's prison population would reduce street robberies by only 20 per cent.

But amid such gloomy facts and speculations there is hope. Part of it stems from a trend which takes the American self-defence ethos and turns it away from violence towards protection. In cities around the country communities, politicians and even police departments are finally recognizing what should have been self-apparent. It was put rather nicely by a police officer who said, "The police arrest criminals; they don't prevent crime." There are signs that America is moving towards an understanding that the most effective and cheapest time to halt crime is before it happens.

And so all over the country neighbourhood crime patrols and community watches are being established—sometimes with impressive effect. A group of senior citizens in Oakland, California, reduced muggings and purse-snatchings through the simple expedient of walking the streets armed with Citizens' Band radios. In one Washington neighbourhood signs were tacked on street posts and in windows warning that a patrol was in effect, and unarmed citizens volunteered in large numbers to tour the community in cars, recording suspicious vehicles and reporting questionable activity. A rash of muggings and break-ins in this neighbourhood faded away. In some cities, such as Washington and Atlanta, police officials are overcoming professional pride and the macho tradition of law enforcement and are explicitly encouraging the role of the community in crime prevention.

It is hard for many to believe that such low-cost efforts actually work. But it makes sense when one discovers, for example, that a particular block is vacant throughout much the day because every husband and wife on the street works. Or when you take a three-hour patrol, as I did, and you spot only one police car the entire time.

It is one of the hopeful signs I have seen in a couple of decades of observing law enforcement—a glimmer that maybe law-abiding America is getting as streetwise as its criminal class.

The overmighty subject

by Sir Arthur Bryant

"These are not dark days," Winston Churchill told the boys of his old school, Harrow, in November, 1941, "these are the greatest days our country has ever known." Europe was overrun, Hitler's legions were within 50 miles of Moscow and had all but encircled a starving Leningrad, the vital sea-lanes on which we depended were threatened by submarine blockade; America was still neutral and the Japanese were about to strike at our rear in the Orient; and, though the bombardment of our cities from the air had temporarily ceased, any hope of peace, let alone victory, seemed a dream of an almost inconceivably distant future. And everywhere husbands were parted from wives, sons from mothers, lovers from lovers as a whole generation manned our fleets, armies and airforces to hold the tenuous ring of sea-power round a conquered continent.

Yet, whatever our trials as individuals, as a nation we were united, and because of this our way seemed plain. For at that moment we were defending everything in which, as a people, we believed and for which, through our long evolutionary history, we had striven. We were no longer divided as we had been before the war; we had a great leader to evoke in us the ultimate human virtue of courage in adversity. Regardless of political or social differences, personal greed and divisive aims, we stood together against a common foe.

"Then none was for a party;

Then all were for the State;

Then the great man helped the poor

And the poor man loved the great.

Then lands were fairly portioned,

Then spoils were fairly sold,

The Romans were like brothers

In the brave days of old."

That was 40 years ago. Now we seem divided on almost every conceivable issue. Love of country no longer binds us; greed, self-interest and conflicting aims separate and weaken us. And those who rule us seem most divided of all. The Labour Party is split; the Conservative Party, for all the lip-service of its members to the loyalty on which it traditionally prides itself, is divided; the very Cabinet appears to be at loggerheads. And the culminating expression of division among our rulers is a strike called against the Government by the bureaucrats of the trade unions who claim the allegiance of the members of the nation's Civil Service. This is something, whatever may come of it, unparalleled in our history since the outset of the great rebellion in the 17th century. For what these trade union bureaucrats are doing is inciting the paid servants of the Crown to disobey the *elected* representative of the people to whose leaders, under our libertarian constitution, the executive powers of the Crown are entrusted. Should they suc-

ceed in compelling the Government, with its parliamentary majority, to submit to their demands a new era in our national history will have begun: one in which power is divorced from responsibility, as it was in the Wars of the Roses and the devil-pull-baker anarchy of the 15th century when the Crown and, with it, public peace and justice were at the mercy of the "overmighty subject".

Recently there appeared in *The Times* a letter from Lord Roberthall. In it he pointed out that the basic problem which confronted those who were trying, and had long been trying, to combat the economic and moral disease of inflation was "the constraints imposed by the power of trade unions on the Government's ability to act, particularly in the public sector". It was this which had vitiated all attempts of earlier governments, Socialist and Conservative alike, to achieve simultaneously full employment and reasonable price stability by means of either a compulsory or a voluntary incomes policy.

And it was this which, two years ago, caused the Conservative Party's new leader, Margaret Thatcher—a woman of courage, resolution and vision—to seek a mandate from the electorate to reverse the long national slide into a socialist totalitarian economy by rejecting an incomes policy which had repeatedly failed and, as she saw, was bound to fail again. And to substitute for it, instead, a *laissez-faire* monetary policy, combining a root-and-branch elimination of unproductive public expenditure in order to reduce inflation, together with a bold and progressive reduction in taxation to stimulate and assist the wealth-producing private sector and so avoid the otherwise fatal industrial defla-

tion which had attended earlier monetarist attempts to reform an inflated economy and, in doing so, had caused the morally repugnant and politically disastrous phenomenon of millions out of work in need of the very goods and services their own labour could create. For it is money or purchasing power—the elastic instrument by which free men in free societies translate their needs and wants into the production of the wealth they require—which alone can keep the wheels of industry turning and bring about an increase in real wealth as distinct from a merely monetarist and accountant's measure of wealth.

Had the Government and its brave and resolute leader only had the private sector of the economy to deal with, its classic monetarist remedy for the country's economic ills might well by now have succeeded. But the immense size of the public sector—its personnel and cost multiplied many times over by the socializing trends of the past four decades—and the power of its trade unions to enforce inflationary wage-settlements and defend and perpetuate uneconomic overmanning have delayed and prevented the reduction of unproductive public expenditure and, with it, of taxation, on both of which the Government has counted to implement its industrial strategy.

It is this which has caused Lord Roberthall, with all his immense economic experience, to conclude that "it does not follow that because incomes policy was a failure, monetary policy must be a success... The purpose claimed for the Budget is to reduce public borrowing, to help in keeping the money supply under control. But only an extreme monetarist would argue that a very tight money supply will restrain

those who have a stranglehold on essential services. It is of the greatest advantage to the country to have a leader whose courage is undoubted, but one can still have doubts about the strategy"—I myself would prefer the word "tactics". For, with a currency and money supply anchored exclusively on debt and fluctuating interest charges, the Government's attempt to control the amount of money and credit in circulation by high interest-rates has compelled it, because of the trade union stranglehold on the public sector, to borrow at exorbitant interest-rates in order to meet the cost of the public services and finance the relief of the unemployment brought about by its deflationary measures. And, as a result, it is having to impose increased taxation and public-sector charges on the hard-pressed private sector—the very reverse of its original and praiseworthy intention. While the creation of real wealth, and with it of productive employment, is being subordinated to the accountancy requirements of a faulty monetarist mechanism designed to cure a fatal inflation, in the absence of any substantial reduction in taxation and of public sector waste, the defects of that mechanism are inadvertently stoking the fires of inflation at the very moment Government is trying to reduce it. As a North Country employer of industrial labour wrote to me, "How on earth can increased charges for everything controlled by Government reduce inflation?"

The latest turn in a paradoxical situation, as reported in my morning paper, is an attempt by the Civil Service trade unions to prevent, by selective strikes, the collection of tax and National Insurance contributions and so compel the Government to borrow at still more inflated interest-charges to meet its day-by-day obligations, including the pay of the Civil Service. Should such pressure by its own trade union-aligned public servants force the Government to such a defeatist course, the only alternative open to it would be to resort to the unorthodox one of issuing, under suitable safeguards, a strictly limited amount of interest-free currency, and use it to reduce taxation sufficiently to relieve the pressure on the wealth-creating private sector of industry. By thus using what Abraham Lincoln called the supreme prerogative of sovereign government and so directly controlling the money supply instead of being controlled by it, the Government could simultaneously, and as needed, combat both inflation in the public sector and deflation in the private—the reverse faces of an ailing economy. And, by doing so, allow a great national leader, without turning a hair's breadth from her original course of reducing both taxation and the waste and uneconomic cost of the public sector, to unite the nation, as Churchill did 40 years ago, and so enable it to resume and fulfil its libertarian destiny.

100 years ago



This engraving from the *ILN* of May 21, 1881, shows an angry mob of Irish peasants attacking a process-server, the man responsible for delivering writs of ejectment to defaulting tenants, at the instigation of the Irish Land League.

Titles for auction

Earls Dallinghoo should gain a new lord of the manor this month. So should the mellow and ancient seats of Westleton Minsmere, Kettleburgh, Donnington Wykes and High Easter. The newcomers to the squirarchy who acquire these and other venerable titles will not be lords to the manor born. They will pay—and pay handsomely—for the privilege and the often obscure rights and duties that accompany it.

Altogether the lordships of 13 manors, deep-rooted in England's history and countryside, will be offered for sale at Colchester's Moot Hall on May 15. It is believed to be the largest auction of its type for nearly 30 years. Nine of the manors lie in Suffolk, two in Lincolnshire and two in Essex, including the manor of Chatham Hall whose court records date from 1308.

The successful buyers will probably have to pay about £3,000 apiece, though there is really no knowing how far some may be prepared to go in pursuit of a title, even a title that means precious little to the people of Dallinghoo (population 261, and falling). The Manorial Society of Great Britain still recoils with well-mannered horror when it recalls the possibly confused gentleman from Frankfurt who paid £28,000 to become lord of an English manor.

"There may be some blurring on the Continent between lord of the manor and peer of the realm," explained Mr Robert Smith, chairman of the newly revived society and holder of titles relating to seven manors in Kent. He calculates that there are about 65,000 manors in England and Wales and 19,000 lords to watch over them.

Some manors date from Saxon times. Many are in the possession of the Crown and others belong to the Church of England. The largest collection in private hands is reckoned to be 32. One prominent esquire is lord of 15 west country manors, patron of three livings and, for good measure, Hereditary Admiral Within Corfe Castle.

The names of manors have often ceased to coincide with local place names and the prospective buyers who bid at this month's sale may, on the face of it, end up with little to show for their money. No land or property will change hands. They will be buying titles enshrined in ancient documents—and they are unlikely to be allowed to take that tangible proof home. The records will remain in the safe keeping of the local county archivist, except in exceptional circumstances where, say, a buyer has a handy and secure muniment room. Manorial documents may not be taken out of the country.

Collectors of titles to manors are pursuing a portion of history. And, in some cases, there are more material assets to be gained, such as the right to hold markets or to extract minerals from common land. These possibly

lucrative rights may have lain long forgotten and are revived to the chagrin of local councils. The prospective buyer may be a speculator with an eye to the main chance. First dig up your 600-year-old charter, then dig up your village green. Others may be collectors of historical curiosities or they may be pillars of local society who want to confirm their place in the order of things (while at the same time preventing a confused German from Frankfurt from doing so).

Their responsibilities may include keeping a village green in decent order or appointing gamekeepers. At Little Dunmow, Essex, the lord of the manor has traditionally presented a fitch of bacon to any married couple able to swear they have never yielded to "household brawls and contentious strife".

Several of the manorial titles offered for sale this month are from the estate of Lord Huntingfield. Others have become

Birth of a party

The formation of a new political party in Britain is a highly unusual and a historic occasion. We therefore attended the press conference in London on March 26 when the Social Democratic Party was formally launched, and were pleased to note that the early morning rain stopped and the sun began to shine just as the four leaders took their places on the platform. Would this be regarded, we wondered, as a heavenly blessing? Was history really being made? The police clearly thought so; whoever at Scotland Yard makes these judgments had surrounded the Connaught Rooms and you could not park your car within three blocks. The media clearly thought so, too. The conference was packed. Everyone was there—even Sir Robin Day.

We were given bright red, white and blue SDP folders by bright-eyed girls wearing bright red, white and blue SDP badges. We saw Dick Taverne, a former cabinet minister who once did fight and win a parliamentary seat independently (only to lose it later). He wore an SDP badge and looked especially bright-eyed, perhaps anticipating a revival in his political fortunes. BBC and ITN reporters jostled each other in the aisles and bejeaned young women clambered over chairs to take light readings and test sound recorders. It was all rather exciting; even the experienced Peter Jenkins of *The Guardian* was heard to say, "This is like American politics." (Whether he was praising or condemning the proceedings we did not discover.)

When the "Gang of Four" arrived the heavens applauded. At least we thought it was the heavens until we looked up and saw that the SDP had packed a gallery with its supporters. The Four disappeared behind a wall of

available coincidentally at offices of the auctioneers, Strutt & Parker. Their venture may have one unexpected result. Lord Kinnoull, the 15th Earl and lord of no manor whatsoever, is considering reviving the bill which he took through the Lords—but no further—in 1977. Its aim was to give locals the time and opportunity to buy manorial titles coming on to the market before they could be sold to overseas buyers. "It all arose because there were various prizes given in a raffle and one of them was the lordship of a manor in Suffolk, which was won by an American from Tennessee. It was felt it was undignified," he said. Another was offered by a Chicago trading stamp company in exchange for \$800 worth of stamps.

Lord Kinnoull means to put an end to such indignities. "Our thinking is that we would have to team up with someone who got in the ballot for a private member's bill and who was sympathetic," he said.

photographers. We could hear a voice vainly trying to penetrate to the reporters on our side. "Where are you?" cried Mr Lew Gardner of Thames TV to a gust of laughter. Then, suddenly, it was serious. The Four spoke briefly in turn, committing themselves to a brand-new political party already, with 14 MPs, the third biggest in the House of Commons, stronger than the Liberals. For the Four and their supporters there could be no going back now.

They sat in a row. On the left (though hardly in political terms), the Rt Hon Roy Jenkins, Privy Councillor, former Home Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer, former Deputy Leader of the Labour Party, former President of the European Commission, now at 61 completing the initiative he had begun with a television lecture a year previously—to establish a new party of the centre. He at first looked nervous and uncomfortable but became more impressive as the press conference continued. "We are not just another set of players in the game of politics," he declared, "we are changing the rules of the game itself."

Next to him, the Rt Hon David Owen, Privy Councillor, former Foreign Secretary, sitting MP for Plymouth, Devonport, 43 years old, the one of the Four who had been most outspoken at the two Labour Party conferences preceding his defection. Now, he said, "We are launching the most democratic party in British politics—one member, one vote."

Then, the Rt Hon William Rodgers, Privy Councillor, former Secretary of State for Transport, sitting MP for Stockton Teesside, 53, sporting a new, youthful haircut for what he called "a historic occasion, the start of a crusade. The people out there want the kind of

leadership we can offer."

Finally, the Rt Hon Shirley Williams, Privy Councillor, former Secretary of State for Education and for Prices and Consumer Protection, now described as "broadcaster, professional fellow of the Policy Studies Institute", 51. "This country is shackled with class divisions," she said.

They came with the written support of 30,000 people and with £170,000 to spend on the launch, with their 14 MPs, including one former Conservative, and 18 members of the House of Lords, and the questions came thick and fast:

Were they a socialist or a centre party? "Left of centre." (Rodgers)

Their attitude to the Liberals? "Co-operative, but we are two distinct parties." (Owen)

If they held the balance of power after the next election, which party would they support, Labour or Conservative? "Whichever party comes up with a Queen's Speech we can support, but it must include proportional representation." (Owen)

Their foreign policy? "Remain within the EEC and change it from within; remain within Nato and meet our responsibilities as a member; seek multilateral disarmament." (Jenkins)

What do you think of private education? "For it." (Jenkins and Owen) "Against it." (Williams) "Ah," said a *Guardian* man knowingly, "the first sign of a split and it's only 9.20."

"To some extent we'll make up policy as we go," Roy Jenkins said. "We have suffered too much in the past from parties producing big manifestos of what they are going to do, spending two years doing it, then two years undoing it. We need more flexibility."

It seemed to be asking for a lot of trust. But there was no time to raise that. Mrs Williams was off to Edinburgh and then Birmingham, Mr Jenkins to Cardiff and then Manchester, Dr Owen to Southampton and then Plymouth, and Mr Rodgers to Norwich and then Leeds. The good word had to be carried to every part of the country. The Social Democrats, their hopes bedecked in red, white and blue, were on their way.

Transformation scene

"A greenery-yallery, Grosvenor Gallery, Foot-in-the-grave young man."

So in 1881 did that super-aesthetic fraud Bunthorne refer to himself in *Patience*, greenery-yallery being one of the New Art shades then being promoted by Arthur Lazenby Liberty and the Grosvenor Gallery being commonly associated with those artists of the Aesthetic Movement whose supporters disdained to look any healthier than pale and interesting.

The Grosvenor Gallery, ➡➡

opened four years earlier, was a building of some distinction; according to the *ILN* of May 5, 1877, "the exterior presents an imposing façade of stone in the Italian Renaissance style, with a fine doorway which is an actual work of the famous Palladio, formerly belonging to the Church of Santa Lucia, at Venice." There followed descriptions of the main gallery, with its coved ceiling painted blue and sprinkled with gold stars, and the Ionic pilasters which came from the foyer of the old Italian opera house in Paris. The opening exhibition included works by Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt and Walter Crane; and later Whistler's *The Falling Rocket* was shown there.

However, by 1903 the building had passed into the hands of the Orchestrella Company of New York, makers of mechanical piano players, and it was converted into a concert hall, the Aeolian Hall, which had a massive

organ installed which could be played mechanically. Here for a time popular and well attended recitals were given, but enthusiasm faded and from 1943 to 1975 the hall was used by the BBC for light entertainment and variety programmes. It then became empty and, finally, almost derelict.

The building has now undergone another transformation and has been turned into three new salerooms in which Sotheby's will sell books, coins, medals and jewelry, space also being provided for exhibitions, cataloguing and storage.

The first sale there will take place on May 18. The new auction centre, designed by Denys Lasdun Redhouse & Softley, has involved internal subdivision and reconstruction; but fortunately the original high lantern and ornamental cornices remain. We wonder what happened to Palladio's door.

Back to Symonds Yat

Since the publication in our January issue of the finding by Tom Rogers of markings on the rock face in caves above Symonds Yat in the Wye Valley, that green and wooded spot, made almost an island by the erratic course of the river, has become the centre of rather concentrated archaeological attention. Mr Rogers was excavating outside one of the caves last summer and found plenty of evidence of palaeolithic man's activity in the trench that he and his colleagues dug there. One morning he woke to find, on the roof of a rock overhang under which he was sleeping, the face of a deer-like animal etched in the stone above him. Later he found what seemed to be artificial lines making up the form of a bison on another patch of rock near his excavation. His conclusion, as we published, was that at least some of the lines on the rock shapes had been made by the same palaeolithic man who had left his flints and other debris in the area some 10,000 years or more ago.

Few archaeologists who have seen the site so far are prepared to accept this interpretation, and a party of archaeological heavyweights who hauled themselves up the precipitous slope of the valley recently have now pronounced that the markings on the rocks are not the work of palaeolithic man but of nature. As these experts included the formidable presence of the British Museum we would not presume, as mere reporters of other people's findings in this Sisyphean task of analysing what really happened so many millennia ago, to do more than set out their conclusions as accurately as we can.

The party of experts comprised Gale Sieveking, who is Deputy Keeper of the Prehistoric and Romano-British Antiquities Department at the British Museum, Dr Geoffrey Wainwright, representing the Department of the Environment (Inspectorate of Ancient

Monuments), Dr Mark Newcomer, Lecturer in Palaeolithic Archaeology at the London University Institute of Archaeology, and Mr Sieveking's wife Ann, who is a specialist in the study of palaeolithic engravings. They were escorted to the site by representatives of the Forestry Commission, who own the land, and shown the markings by Tom Rogers and one of his associates in the excavations, Rodney Russell, who is at the Bureau of Archaeology in Zurich. Hovering in the background were two interested parties, the Editor of the *ILN* and his Archaeology Editor, Dr Ann Birchall.

The opinion of the experts in this party, after detailed study and considerable discussion, was unequivocal: the lines which were thought to be engraved were in fact of natural formation. The carved line simulating the belly of the bison, for example, was seen as the fracture line where a rock fragment had been detached from the wall, and the green incrustation or infilling, which was thought by Mr Rogers to contain copper, was taken to be green algae or some similar plant formation. Other parallel lines on the rock face within the outline of the bison were, the experts concluded, sedimentary current bedding microstructures in the limestone, characteristic of the depositional environment of the rock. They do not believe, therefore, that the rock markings at Symonds Yat were the work of palaeolithic man.

Failing further evidence, which Mr Rogers has not been able to provide, their conclusion can hardly be challenged. Experts can be wrong (in more than 100 years of archaeological reporting we have had on occasions to correct the claims of archaeological experts which have subsequently been proved unjustified) and not all the great discoveries have been made by experts. But in this case clearly more proof is needed if Symonds Yat is to be generally accepted as a site of palaeolithic engraving. Perhaps continued excavation will reveal more.

Haig's personal devil

by Norman Moss

The Reagan administration has made its mark on foreign policy right away, with new appointments, new policies, new aspirations, and statements loud and clear of a new view of the world.

But on second glance this new view looks like an old one, of the 1950s, John Foster Dulles's devil theory of world politics. As Dulles saw the world when he was Secretary of State, the devil was Communism and the devil was the source of all evil in the world.

To President Reagan, it seems, and more obviously to his Secretary of State Alexander Haig, Soviet Communism is the principal source of all possible dangers to the United States, and to the Western democracies. Haig appears to believe that something is bad for the United States to the degree that it is good for the Soviet Union, and vice versa.

This is seen most obviously in El Salvador. The rebellion there is viewed by European governments and by most people outside the US administration as a product of local conditions, and cruel conditions at that. To General Haig, as he has made clear time and time again, it is an aspect of Soviet expansionism. The attitude is seen elsewhere in Latin America. President Carter made the practice of civil rights a criterion of US friendship and assistance, though not the sole criterion, and on this basis he denied friendship and assistance to several South American governments. All General Haig requires is support for US policies and opposition to Russia and Cuba. The Reagan administration has hastened to renew friendship with the leaders of the major military dictatorships in South America—Argentina, Chile and Bolivia.

It is seen in America's new Middle East stance. General Haig has told Israel that he is not going to involve the United States in the Israeli-Egyptian peace negotiations right now, but is instead giving priority to measures to check Soviet expansion in the area. So America is trying to establish bases around the Persian Gulf and is supplying equipment to the Saudi Arabian air force to turn its US-built F-15 fighters into long-range attack planes.

It is apparent also in his statements on terrorism, usually seen as Communist-inspired terrorism. *Pro forma*, official US statements deplore terrorism of the right as well as the left, but the fire is concentrated on that which can be seen to have Moscow's backing, or at least to benefit Moscow.

There are two important differences between the devil views of General Haig and John Foster Dulles.

One is that the Dulles view was a moral one, not to say moralistic. To Dulles, the Soviet Union represented the forces of darkness, and opposing it was a moral imperative before which other

moral questions paled into insignificance. General Haig's picture of the world has no such colouring. Things are beneficial to the interests of the United States and inimical to those of the Soviet Union, or *vice versa*. Any moral terms that occur in administration statements on foreign policy now are a gloss thrown on by speech-writers.

The other is that the Dulles view, blinkered though it may have been, was a closer approximation to the reality of his time. In the 1950s the world was indeed dominated by two major powers, each at the head of a bloc, engaged in a cold war with one another. The present-day multi-polar world began to emerge only at the end of the decade. Today the blocs are no longer solid. China is a power on its own, and the Third World speaks for itself, albeit with many voices. The most damaging blow to the United States and all the Western nations in the past decade was inflicted not by the Soviet Union but by Opec.

The administration's policy is running into trouble already because others do not share its view of the world. The Western European allies refuse to back it to the hilt on El Salvador, and the EEC has refused to stop sending supplies, some of which might reach the rebels. The Israelis are unhappy about those Saudi F-15s with their increased range. The belligerent rhetoric that accompanies this policy has caused new opposition to the establishment of American cruise missile bases, in Holland for instance.

The countries of the Persian Gulf do not see the Soviet Union as the only creature in the world with horns. Indeed, when the Reagan administration started talking of its rapid deployment force ready to rush to the Persian Gulf to meet any threat, the Persian Gulf countries reacted with some anxiety, and began to wonder who would protect them from their protectors.

General Haig is far from being a simpleton, but this stance is in line with the simplicities on foreign affairs of Ronald Reagan's election campaign. It makes it difficult to accept complexities, or to act subtly. It makes for rigidity. One does not compromise with the devil, or yield any ground to him.

The tough talking, the proud assertion of American interests, undoubtedly appeals to basic patriotic instincts in many Americans, as it would to most other peoples. But many Americans have other instincts as well. For much of the time during the two centuries that the United States has been in existence it has stood for something in the world: a form of government, a way of life, an attitude to the individual and freedom and justice. Americans like to feel that their country stands for something as well as against something, and that its policies have something to do with the moral standards which they are taught in school and which most profess.

The Tories' ten-year plan



To change the social and economic climate of Britain, which is what the Conservative Party believes it was elected to do in 1979, will take all of ten years. As author of the last manifesto, Sir Angus Maude, who is Conservative MP for Stratford-on-Avon and until recently was a member of Mrs Thatcher's Cabinet, now looks ahead to propose a framework for the party's next appeal to the electorate.

own wants, with a sufficient surplus to provide adequately for the future (savings, research, investment and so on), for the essential needs of the State and for the maintenance of those who cannot provide for themselves.

To do this the Government must be able to guarantee a reasonable degree of stability, so that people may plan ahead with a fair hope that their plans will not be thwarted by factors outside their control. They must be adequately protected against foreign aggression and the risk of war; they must have reasonable protection against crime and violence; above all, perhaps, they should be able to count on a reasonable stability of the purchasing power of money and a reasonable continuity of fiscal policy. Without these, nobody can plan with any confidence for the future.

The proportion of the national income that the Government should take in taxes or pre-empt by borrowing, over and above the minimum essential needs of defence, policing and administration, will always be the subject of controversy. But the principle, for a Conservative Government, should be clear. It must never take so much that it seriously inhibits the creation of the wealth on which all else depends, damages the international competitiveness of our industries, or prevents companies from investing adequately and individuals saving for the future. Moreover, it must retain sufficient control over local government finance to ensure that local authorities meet the same spending criteria.

The ideal conditions are those in which wealth creation expands gradually and fairly steadily without inflation, and in which the proportion of the national income devoted to social welfare remains steady or slightly increasing. Welfare expenditure must *not* be determined by what pressure groups or emotional appeals or the fear of losing votes can wring from governments, but by what a reasonable general consensus accepts as necessary to allow the economy to function properly and society to remain stable.

Now this last will be considered by many, including some Conservatives, to be a reactionary, Whiggish and even heartless proposition. It is not. It is just plain common sense. For it is precisely the neglect of this precept that has brought this country from having the best social services in the western world to a position well down in the league table. For this Conservatives must accept almost as much responsibility as

the Socialists.

Whenever you hear a Conservative talking about the need for the Party to appear "caring" and "compassionate", which some of them do *ad nauseam*, sooner or later he will make an appeal to the ideal of One Nation. Now since I myself invented that phrase, when I dreamed it up as the title of the pamphlet from which the "One Nation Group" later took its name, I do know what it was supposed to mean. And I think it is time to remind the whole Conservative Party of what the original One Nation Group actually believed and said. I have therefore selected two typical quotations from the original pamphlet. This one is from the first chapter:

"Socialists believe that the State should provide an average standard. We believe that it should provide a minimum standard, above which people should be free to rise as far as their industry, their thrift, their ability or their genius may take them. . .

"Our economic position and the greatly increased expenditure on Defence make it more—not less—necessary to scrutinize the social services and to root out inefficiency and waste; more, not less, necessary to see that every penny is wisely spent, and that those in the greatest need are helped first."

The following comes from the last chapter:

"Socialists . . . forget that there are prior claims on the national income before the social services; and that a point can be reached, and Conservatives believe has been reached, when the State does more harm in taking a further share of the national income than it does good by using it for the social services. . .

"The effect on an economy which is not isolated from the rest of the world, which indeed depends for its very existence on its competitive power, is ignored. That way lies a rising cost of living, hardships for the recipients of fixed social service and other payments, pressure for increases in these payments, further inflation, repeated devaluation, and, finally, chaos."

For something written in 1950 when the Welfare State was only just getting into its stride, it has a surprisingly up-to-date ring, hasn't it? And it may sharpen the point for some Conservatives if I reveal that the first quotation was written by the late Iain Macleod and the second by Edward Heath.

I have set forth this rather lengthy introduction simply to indicate how far

even the Conservative Party has strayed from the commonsense principles which should direct governments. The rot set in in the late 1950s, and the present Administration has only begun to get back on course. Walter Bagehot summed up the position very neatly, more than a century ago:

"This burden might almost all have been spared us if philanthropists . . . had not inherited from their barbarous forefathers a wild passion for instant action."

It is not just that a wild passion for instant action should be anathema to Conservatives. They have now to nerve themselves to the task of reversing a great many of the instant actions of the past. And they have to face the fact that this is a ten-year job. It will take all of ten years, from May, 1979, to change the economic and social climate of Britain, eliminating those relics of socialism that have divided our society and prevented our economy from functioning to the benefit of all.

One thing, above all, is essential. Without it nothing significant can be achieved in the long run. And the process needs to be virtually completed before the next general election, or the result of the election itself will be in doubt. This is to persuade the great majority of the British people that there is simply no future for a country which persistently refuses to live within its means.

This may sound like a platitude, but it is nevertheless at the root of all our troubles. The process of conversion has certainly begun, as many recent pay settlements have shown, but it has not gone nearly far enough. Not only is it far from certain that moderation in pay claims will persist beyond the period of recession and high unemployment; it has not yet extended to the acceptance of much stricter limits on spending by central and local government. And this is because the central Government itself has not yet had the courage to set a clear example.

The alarming thing about Sir Geoffrey Howe's 1981 Budget was not so much the deflationary tax measures, or the probably excessive optimism about the yield of higher excise duties, as the apparently hopeless acceptance of a continuing level of public spending and borrowing far above what the economy ought to be called on to sustain. The present state of the economy clearly reflects this, as will the falling living standards of everyone this year.

Of course the Government ➡➡

It happens to every government at some point in its lifetime, generally during an economic recession. Ministers become so preoccupied with the immediate and urgent problems of their Departments that they forget what it is they are supposed to be trying to do.

This is not so serious a matter for a Labour government, since what Socialists are supposed to be trying to do has little relevance to the practical business of governing the country or sustaining the economy. If this seems a harsh or partial judgment, the well publicized writings of leading Social Democrats amply justify it and so, too, do the words of the late Anthony Crosland:

"The essential socialist objectives are greater equality, and a more classless society; these should be the central theme of any Labour manifesto." (*Socialism Now*, Jonathan Cape, 1974).

If these are the "essential objectives" and the "central theme" of policy they do, since they are never precisely defined, leave a fair amount of latitude to Ministers in dealing with day-to-day problems. The constraints on Labour governments are much more likely to arise from the need to appease the powerful trade union leaders, who in effect control the policy-making Party Conference.

A Conservative government, on the other hand, is not even *supposed* to be trying to put into practice a theory or an ideology, despite the books and lectures by intellectual Tories that purport to describe the "philosophical" or even "moral" basis of Conservatism. These seldom lay down any very practical guides to action; and when they do they are often positively misleading. We can forget, too, all the clichés about free enterprise. This is not an end in itself.

What, then, is this Conservative Government supposed to be trying to do? Broadly, it is supposed to be governing the country in such a way that industry, commerce and private individuals have the maximum opportunity to create the wealth and generate the incomes required to satisfy their



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The Tories' ten-year plan

has tried to limit the rise in public spending, including taking steps to control the spendthrift habits of local authorities. But far too high a proportion of the cuts has fallen on capital expenditure rather than on current spending, which has in turn accentuated the industrial depression. This is always the way with governments, since the effects of capital cuts are less immediate and less electorally unpopular.

The Government is certainly entirely right to refuse to yield to the Keynesian cries of Mr Peter Shore and the CBI and simply reflate the demand side of the economy by increased public borrowing to boost consumption. Apart from the effects on inflation and interest rates, this would—until British industry has become fully competitive—be far more likely to produce an increased flood of imports than to create many new jobs in Britain. But it is one thing to eschew inflation and quite another thing to deflate consumer demand by heavy additional taxes in the middle of a period of recession.

Is this, then, a totally insoluble dilemma? No, of course not—or the country would be doomed, under any government, to an inevitable decline into permanent poverty. But it is a dilemma nonetheless, requiring considerable courage to resolve.

The equation is simple enough. If excessive public borrowing means inflation, which would make genuine recovery impossible, and high taxation intensifies the depression, what is left? Obviously the total of public *spending* itself. Commonsense suggests that there is simply no alternative but to reduce it in cash terms, not by fiddling about with figures in “funny money”. The question is, has the Government the time to do this without incurring a degree of unpopularity which will last into the crucial election period?

I believe not only that it has, but that the degree of unpopularity it would incur by *not* doing it would be even greater. There are two reasons for this. First, Ministers are deeply committed by their election pledges to bring taxes down during the life of this Parliament, and it is at least questionable whether industrial recovery and rising North Sea oil revenues will by themselves enable any substantial tax cuts to be made without a reduction in public spending. The second reason is simply that the great majority of people in this country are convinced, from personal observation, that public authorities are spending a great deal of taxpayers' and ratepayers' money on inessentials and they looked to a Conservative Government to stop this. They expect it of a Labour administration, but they will not forgive the Tories if the process continues unchecked.

It is unlikely that the consensus would be so general if there were no truth in the accusation, and of course it is true. We are not talking here about the

need to cut into essential services; it is the inessentials that need ruthless pruning. And until there is some clear sign that these *are* being pruned, ordinary people will not accept heavier tax and rate burdens without resentment.

Since wages and salaries form a high proportion of the overheads of public authorities, it is with payrolls that the process ought to start. Most Ministers and most councils have only begun to tackle the fringes of this problem, largely because they lack either the will or the ability to question the recommendations of their officials. Even the private offices of some Ministers are over-staffed. There are still too many civil servants who are little more than passengers in their departments, and for whom early retirement (without replacement) is clearly indicated. Nor is the economy of this country in such a state that it makes sense for local authorities to employ highly salaried Directors of Leisure.

What has happened is that the principles I enunciated at the outset have, over the years, simply gone by the board. Successive governments and controlling groups on local councils have yielded to the campaigns of innumerable pressure groups and handed out continuing subsidies to activities which the wealth-creating process simply cannot sustain without damage to itself. Sometimes from genuine conviction, sometimes in pursuit of popularity, public authorities have done all the things “it would be nice to do” and which in a rich country with a flourishing industry might have been accounted signs of genuine progress.

It is not even as if none of these things would have been done without public subsidy. If the demand were sufficient—and if it were not they should not have been done anyway—voluntary effort and subscriptions would have achieved many of them in the end; but there is nothing so inhibiting to private charity and effort as the knowledge that if you just sit back the public purse will do it all for you. Ironically, too, the total effect has not been to increase the popularity of politicians; in the process of pleasing a large number of minority interests they have alienated the majority to whom most of these interests have no appeal.

The problem now is that it is far more difficult for politicians to nerve themselves to withdraw funds from existing activities than it would be to resist fresh appeals. A young councillor told me recently that he and a small group of colleagues, all dedicated to the reduction of council spending, had settled down to a systematic review of activities and subsidies which might yield cuts; in every single instance, he said, there was *one* colleague who objected to a reduction. And exactly the same goes for Ministers, who are apt, in addition, to do little deals among themselves for mutual support in Cabinet committees. This goes far to explain the very limited progress so far made in the abolition of quangos and the reduction of fringe subsidies. There will always be some minority interest which will kick up a fuss and start a campaign of letter writ-

ing to newspapers and MPs. Is it worth all the fuss for such a comparatively small sum of money? By itself, perhaps not, but in total the sums are very large. And in the process of pacifying minority interests, the general interest is ignored.

It is to me inconceivable that a Government coming fresh into power at the present time would have dreamed of setting up such bodies as the Social Science Research Council, the Housing Corporation and the Countryside Commission. Yet there they are, and quite costly, too. And there are literally hundreds of small bodies in every town and city in the country receiving subsidies from public funds, some of them worthy enough, but many others either politically motivated or existing simply as pressure groups (with charitable status) to extract yet more money from the taxpayer and ratepayer.

Higher education is another candidate for rationalization. University vice-chancellors have been protesting vigorously against the Government's piecemeal economies, warning that some universities might have to close down altogether. But some of them should never have existed in the first place. A great opportunity was missed after the Robbins Report. The best of the great city technical colleges should have been turned into genuine technological universities, to the benefit of British industry and engineering; instead of which, in the name of “academic balance” and “a liberal education”, most of them were diluted with second-rate arts and social science faculties turning out second-rate and largely unwanted graduates. Rationalization, on a coherent plan, is long overdue; piecemeal cuts across the board may do more harm than good. And ultimately a transfer from student grants to a loans system is needed, at least for postgraduate courses.

I have devoted a great deal of space to the need to cut public spending significantly, because unless it is done—and done soon—there is simply no way in which the present Government can achieve what it is supposed to be trying to do. Whether you look at the economy from the supply side or the demand side, there is no possibility of healthy development unless the burden of central and local government current spending is reduced. And the only way to do it convincingly is to start at the periphery and work inwards, ruthlessly cutting out the inessentials before making damaging and unpopular cuts in vital services. The rationale of this needs to be clearly explained, and it must be done systematically over a period according to a firm plan. There will be loud screams from minority groups, and MPs will receive a great many angry letters; but the public as a whole will actually begin to believe that the Government means what it has been saying.

The fact is, let me repeat, that if our industry is to recover and create new jobs, and if Government is to do properly the things it really must do, the economy cannot continue to bear its burden of administrative overheads and

publicly financed philanthropy.

It will take years to get rid of some of the nonsenses, but a start must be made—and seen to be made—now. It will carry little conviction if obviously needed reforms are simply mooted in the next election manifesto; that will only suggest that the Government has wasted five years.

The administrative burden must be reduced by a really determined slashing of the restrictions and regulations which inhibit activity and infuriate the people. Most of them arise from the desire of officials and committees to try to provide for every contingency. The ideal of “consumer protection”, for example, has given rise to innumerable follies. I am told that a farmer or market gardener wanting to set up a farm shop to serve the public has to cope with no fewer than 15 sets of regulations, with, no doubt, officials to inspect and enforce them all. So most farmers just do not do it, and the public, which is supposed to be being protected, is the loser. In present conditions it makes no sense at all.

There is another crying scandal which causes great resentment. With two and a half million unemployed, it is in some parts of the country virtually impossible to get even young people to fill vacant jobs. The “availability for work” rules are simply not being enforced, to the great annoyance of the working majority. And until the tax system is simplified and the rates of tax reduced the “black economy” will continue to produce scandalous inequities between different types of earner.

It is widely accepted that trade union law must be carried further to ensure that the closed shop is gradually abolished by the balloted votes of workforces. This means that Government must talk directly to the workers, over the heads of corporatist employers and politically motivated union leaders.

I am less optimistic about that other great cause of resentment—the rating system. There probably is no better, workable system of local government finance. But something could be done to limit resentment and curb the rapacity of Labour councils by abolishing the industrial rate and substituting a central government grant from taxes. I have always believed, too, that domestic rates should be an allowable deduction for income tax.

Plans should be prepared now, in addition, for reducing the public burden of the National Health Service and the educational system, both of which will need more private finance if they are ever to function effectively.

All this will provide work for the next Parliament as well as this one. All these proposals are based on the principles of government I set out earlier. Unless these principles are adhered to there is no hope for the country or for the Conservative Party. The necessary change of direction will require great courage and constancy, as well as complete frankness in exposition. These qualities the Prime Minister has in abundance and must now inspire in her colleagues. The people will certainly approve ●

Prize-winning photographs

We publish on these pages a selection of winning entries from the GLC's photography competition "Metropolis—portrait of a city", including the winner of *The Illustrated London News's* £250 prize for the "Londoners at Leisure" section. A selection from more than 700 entries, many of them multiple, will be on exhibition at the Royal Festival Hall until May 17.



Crush hour: the GLC's £1,000 first prize was awarded to Barry Lewis whose photographs are seen top, above and right.

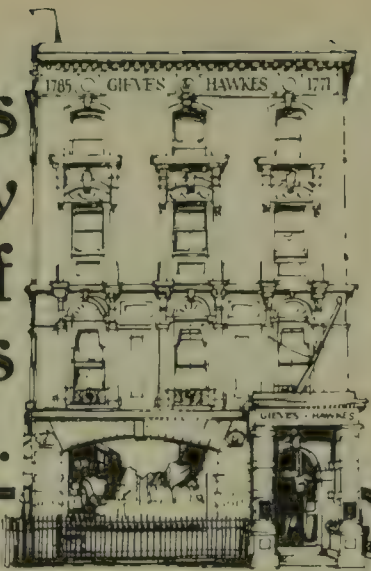


Tube blues: second-prize-winning photograph by Bob Mazzer.



Future indefinite: top and above, third-prize-winning entry by John Farnham.

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Prize-winning photographs



End of the line: another first prize went to J. E. Mills.



High flyer: Kim Longinotto won the ILN's "Londoners at Leisure" prize.



Gone fishing: a first-prize-winning photograph by Steve Hickey.

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MAN IN SPACE

Patrick Moore reviews the first 20 years of manned spaceflight, and considers future developments based on the space shuttle, including the possible colonization of the Moon and Mars.



The Dream

When did Man first start to think about travelling to other worlds? Lucian of Samosata, the second-century Greek satirist, certainly did; he wrote a story called the *True History*, which described an involuntary flight to the Moon by sailors whose ship was caught up in a violent waterspout. Lucian did not intend to be taken seriously (he admitted that his "true" history was made up of nothing but lies from beginning to end), but the dream had begun.

Much later no less a person than the great astronomer Johannes Kepler wrote about reaching the Moon by demon power; Cyrano de Bergerac pro-

posed using fire-crackers, and the hero of a story by a learned cleric, Bishop Godwin, made the journey on a raft towed by wild geese. But it was only in 1865 that the first serious proposal was made. In his novel *From the Earth to the Moon* Jules Verne described a voyage made in a projectile fired at escape velocity from the mouth of a huge cannon. The space-gun idea is impracticable for many reasons, but Verne tried hard to make his facts as correct as far as he knew them.

Then came Konstantin Eduardovich Tsiolkovskii, the shy, deaf Russian schoolteacher who put forward the first scientific proposal involving rockets. Tsiolkovskii was purely a theorist and

some of his theories sound strange today, but he foresaw step-rockets, space-stations, lunar colonies and much else. By the time he died in 1935 the first modern-type rockets had been launched and the first interplanetary societies had been founded.

Then came the Second World War →

Man's Odyssey in space began with Yuri Gagarin, left, the Soviet cosmonaut who was the first man to fly in space. He orbited the Earth in the space ship Vostok 1 on April 12, 1961. By the end of the first decade in space Man had conquered the Moon, below, and made some of the dreams of the early science fiction writers come true.



MAN IN SPACE

War and rapid progress in rocket technology. It was for the wrong reasons, and resulted in the V2 weapons sent against England from 1944 until Hitler's defeat; but it showed that the Moon was not out of reach. Scepticism was still rife but it was becoming muted.

Artificial satellites were next. The Americans planned them and the Russians said little until October 4, 1957, when the world was startled by the successful flight of Sputnik 1, the first man-made moon in history. Before long the USA, too, had entered space and by the beginning of 1961 there was no longer any doubt that the pioneer manned spaceflight lay close ahead.

It happened on April 12, 1961. The dream had become reality at last.

The Pioneers

At 9.07 am Moscow time on April 12, 1961, Yuri Alexeyevich Gagarin of the Soviet Air Force made history. He was launched in the midjet-sized spaceship Vostok 1 and soared to more than 200 miles above the ground, circling the world in only 108 minutes before landing near the pre-arranged position.

It was a tense moment as Gagarin's rocket took off, hovering for a few moments before beginning to accelerate. There were so many unknowns. Pessimists had claimed that any human-being who dared to venture beyond the screening blanket of air would be killed by deadly cosmic rays; it was also feared that the spacecraft itself might be battered to pieces by meteoritic fragments. And how would the cosmonaut himself react? Once in "free fall" round the Earth he would be weightless, and zero gravity is something which is well-nigh impossible to simulate in the laboratory. The spectre of space sickness was always evident. Finally, there was the problem of landing back on Earth. The slightest error in either velocity or angle of entry into the atmosphere and the spacecraft would be burned away like a plunging meteor.

I asked Gagarin, much later, how frightened he had felt. He said he had had no time to think about anything but the matter in hand; there was so much to be done that he had to concentrate grimly. When blast-off came he felt crushing pressure as the acceleration built up, and during the worst period—mercifully brief—he could not move. Yet as soon as the Vostok had reached its peak velocity of 17,500 mph the engines were cut and all sensation of weight vanished. Rather to his surprise, it was not in the least uncomfortable; it was merely strange.

This first space trip was faultless, and the pessimists were silenced once and for all. Meanwhile there had been energetic activity in the USA. Seven astronauts had been selected for what was termed Project Mercury. All the "original seven" finally made ventures into space but the honour of being first fell to Commander Alan Shepard.

Unlike Gagarin, Shepard did not go



February, 1962: John Glenn became the first American to orbit the Earth.

into orbit. American technology had not yet progressed that far. On May 5, 1961, Shepard blasted off from Cape Canaveral to make an up-and-down "hop". He reached a peak altitude of 116 miles and the whole mission was over in about a quarter of an hour. Unlike Gagarin's flight, it was carried out in a blaze of publicity, and radio listeners all over the world heard a running commentary; I did so myself from my study in Sussex. Over 500 reporters and technicians on board the aircraft-carrier *Lake Champlain* watched Shepard step from a helicopter after he had been picked up from his capsule in the ocean some 300 miles away from Canaveral.

It was a great achievement, even though it had been so brief. And it is a measure of the almost incredible progress made during the next decade that less than ten years later, in February, 1971, Shepard walked on the Moon.

One-manned spaceships

As an environment, space is hostile. Once beyond the Earth's atmosphere danger is ever present and there are unexpected hazards, too, as Virgil Grissom found on July 21, 1961. Grissom was the second American in space and his trip, like Shepard's, was a sub-orbital "hop". It was carried through faultlessly until the very last moment, when the Mercury capsule landed in the sea and began to sink. Having survived the space flight with no trouble at all, Grissom had a narrow escape from drowning.

It is notable that all through the first period of space research the Russian cosmonauts landed on solid ground while the American astronauts splashed down in the ocean. This preference for the sea was due simply to the fact that water is softer than land, and if the touch-down were made at too great a speed, as happened on more than one occasion, the results would be less dire. Meanwhile Gherman Titov, in Russia's Vostok 2, broke new records: in August, 1961, he went round the world not once but 17 times, staying aloft for more than 24 hours. Again there were no serious hitches, though it is on record that Titov alone of the cosmonauts did have incipient sickness.

The first American to orbit the Earth was Colonel John Glenn in February,

1962. His spacecraft, Mercury 6, was otherwise called Friendship 7. Unlike Gagarin he did at least know more or less what to expect, though zero gravity presented some unexpected minor problems, for example Glenn left a film canister floating in mid air while he reloaded a camera and accidentally knocked against it, so that it floated behind an instrument panel. But he found weightlessness "a pleasant experience" and his description of the scene was:

"The horizon itself is a brilliant, brilliant blue and white. As the Sun moves toward the horizon a black shadow of darkness moves across the Earth until the whole surface, except for the bright band of the horizon, is dark... as time passes, the bottom layer becomes a bright orange and then fades into reds, then on into the darker colours, and then off into the blues and blacks."

There were three more Mercury flights after Glenn's. One of them—Scott Carpenter's, in May, 1962—posed some new problems. No man, astronaut or not, is infallible; Carpenter used up too much fuel in manoeuvring while in orbit and finally came down a long way from his landing site. But the last two trips, by Walter Schirra and Gordon Cooper, went more or less according to schedule and when the Mercury series ended in May, 1963, the American authorities at Nasa were more than satisfied. By then the Russians had achieved a new "first" by having two cosmonauts in orbit at the same time. On August 11, 1962, Andrian Nikolayev took off in Vostok 3; less than a day later Pavel Popovich followed in Vostok 4, entering a similar orbit. At one point the two spaceships were only 3 miles apart, and millions of television viewers in the USSR saw the two men making notes, conducting their observations and eating. Later Popovich said Nikolayev's craft looked like a small moon in the distance. On August 15 the two landed safely about 150 miles apart and within six minutes of each other after travelling over a million miles each in space.

Clearly the dreaded re-entry problem had been solved. Nikolayev gave a vivid description of the final drop: "The effects were weird. First smoke, then flame. First red, then orange, yellow and blue. There were unpleasant crackling sounds. As deceleration slackened it was like being in a cart on a very bumpy road, but it smoothed out before I separated my capsule from the spaceship and landed by parachute."

Next came two more single-crewed missions, again by Russians: Valeri Bykovsky and Valentina Tereshkova. Again the cosmonauts were in orbit simultaneously. Valentina was the first and, so far, the only woman space traveller and subsequently married Andrian Nikolayev.

Companions in space

Popular attention during the early and mid 1960s was focussed on the alleged space race between the United States and the Soviet Union. Whether there ever was such a race is, in my view,

highly questionable. The Americans had announced their intention of sending men to the Moon as soon as possible; the Russians were concentrating on orbital studies, together with automatic probes to the Moon and planets. But, inevitably, it was the lunar programme that stole the limelight.

The primitive, cramped, one-pilot spacecraft had played an essential part; now it was time for something more ambitious. Again it was the Russians who took the initiative. On October 12, 1964, they launched Vostok 1, which contained three cosmonauts and made 16 circuits of the Earth, and in the following March they achieved with Vostok 2 the pioneer "space walk", which stands to the credit of Alexei Leonov. This was the last Soviet manned flight for some time, but it was an important one.

Going outside an orbiting spacecraft may sound hazardous, and in many ways it is; but there is no fear of being whirled away, any more than two ants crawling on the rim of a bicycle wheel will fly apart when the wheel starts to spin. The space walker and the spaceship are in the same orbit, moving in the same direction at the same velocity. During the flight of Vostok 2 Leonov put on a vacuum-suit and went outside; he did not go far and did not stay out for long, but he had no real difficulty. The whole experiment was watched by television viewers on Earth and it certainly caught hold of the imagination.

Meanwhile the American Gemini programme was under way. This involved two-manned spaceships. In June, 1965, Edward White emulated Leonov by making a space walk from Gemini 4, staying outside for over 20 minutes and taking some superb photographs. (Indeed, all through the space programme, American pictures have been much better than those of the Russians.) The next step was to achieve a space rendezvous by sending up a spaceship and joining it with a vehicle already in orbit. This was more or less managed in December, 1965, when Gemini 6 was brought within 1 foot of the already orbiting Gemini 7, so that the crews could see and signal to each other through their windows.

It all seemed highly satisfactory and indeed it was, but problems—and tragedies—lay ahead. Gemini 8 was a near-disaster. It was carrying Neil Armstrong, later to be the first man on the Moon, and David Scott. The docking operation with an unmanned vehicle already in orbit to act as a target was successful, but soon afterwards the Gemini began to roll and yaw due, it was later discovered, to a short-circuit in the electrical system. With great difficulty Armstrong and Scott stopped the tumbling motion by using powerbursts designed for use during the final drop to Earth, and made a somewhat premature landing 500 miles away from the planned position. But for their training and their coolness they would not have survived.

It was a reminder that space is a dangerous place. But when tragedy struck



June, 1965: the first American space walk. Major Edward White outside Gemini 4, photographed by the command pilot.

on January 27, 1967, it was not during an actual flight. Astronauts Grissom, White and Roger Chaffee were carrying out a rehearsal in their three-man capsule, on the ground, when fire suddenly broke out inside the cabin, too quickly and too violently for the men to be rescued. The atmosphere inside the cabin was pure oxygen; once the flames had taken hold the astronauts had no chance. Reaction all over the world, in both West and East, was one of stunned horror. And only three months later there was another disaster when Colonel Vladimir Komarov, already a space veteran, was launched in Soyuz 1 on what was meant to be a more or less routine mission. Things went wrong almost from the start. The controls were faulty; the guidance system failed; and as the Soyuz fell back into the atmosphere the cords of the parachute designed to check the descent became entangled. It was the dreaded "Roman candle", and Komarov was killed.

Space men, of all people, know the risks they run. During each flight they are gambling with their lives and their courage is beyond praise. Grissom, White, Chaffee and Komarov were the first victims of Man's progress into space. Let us hope that their sacrifice was not in vain.

Man on the Moon

"That's one small step for a man; one giant leap for mankind." Who will ever forget Neil Armstrong's words as he stepped out of the *Eagle*, Apollo 11's lunar module, on to the bleak rocks of the Sea of Tranquillity? Terrestrial isolationism was at an end; the gulf between two worlds had been breached and history had been made.

The Moon, roughly a quarter of a million miles away, is an unfriendly world without atmosphere, water or life. It is as old as the Earth and has existed for between 4,000 and 5,000 million years, but until the Apollo missions it

had never known any living thing. Neither will it give space travellers any help: Edwin Aldrin, who followed Armstrong out of the *Eagle* a few minutes later, summed up the scene perfectly when he described it as "magnificent desolation".

Preparations for the mission had been protracted and varied. Of course the Moon had been mapped, first by telescope and then by the Orbiter unmanned probes of 1966-67; the site on the Sea of Tranquillity—Mare Tranquillitatis—had been selected with the greatest care, but once again there were some ominous unknowns. How firm was the lunar surface, for instance? The idea of deep dust-drifts had been discounted because unmanned probes had made controlled landings, but it was by no means impossible that there were some treacherous areas, and the Apollo plan made no provision for rescue.

The relative inefficiency of liquid propellants, which are as yet the only

sources of power capable of being used for a lunar journey, is a perpetual nightmare to space planners. To send a single vehicle straight to the Moon, land on the surface and then return home is out of the question. Instead there is a launching vehicle which is itself compound (something which had been foreseen by Tsiolkovskii so long before); the lunar module is docked with the command module, and then separates when the two are in orbit round the Moon, so that the lunar module makes the descent under its own power, carrying two astronauts and leaving the third behind. At the end of the lunar mission the module blasts off, using its lower section as a launching pad, and rejoins the circling command module. The single ascent engine has to work properly, and first time. There can be no second chance.

The climax of the programme began on December 21, 1968, when Apollo 8, carrying astronauts Frank Borman, James Lovell and William Anders, was launched towards the Moon. It made a circumlunar flight, coming down to a height of only 70 miles above the surface and completing ten circuits. Apollo 9 was an Earth orbiter, designed to test the lunar module in space; Apollo 10 achieved everything except an actual landing, passing only 10 miles above the selected site in the Mare Tranquillitatis and carrying out a detailed photographic survey. And then in July, 1969, Apollo 11, carrying Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin and Michael Collins, set off for the Moon.

It could so easily have been tragedy. Instead, it turned out to be triumph. Armstrong and Aldrin separated the *Eagle* from the command module and came down until they were hovering above the lunar rocks. Armstrong took over the controls and made the landing manually—could anything be better calculated to show that the human brain is the best computer of all? Listeners on Earth waited; the tension built up, and then came Armstrong's voice, "The *Eagle* has landed."

It was a moment never to be forgotten. Perhaps it was even more significant than that of several hours later when Armstrong emerged from the module, followed by Aldrin, and the two men were seen on television as they "bounced around" setting up scientific equipment. They were in perfect communication all the time and television cameras followed them throughout their epic moon walk. Who better to describe the scene than Neil Armstrong himself, when I talked to him after the return:

"The Earth is quite beautiful from space and from the Moon. It looks quite small and quite remote; but it's very blue and covered with white lace of the clouds... You generally have the impression of being on a desert-like surface, but when you look at the Moon's material from close range you find it's really a charcoal grey... We had some difficulties of perception of distance. For example, from the cockpit of our lunar module we judged our television camera to be only 50 to 60 feet away, yet we knew we had

MAN IN SPACE

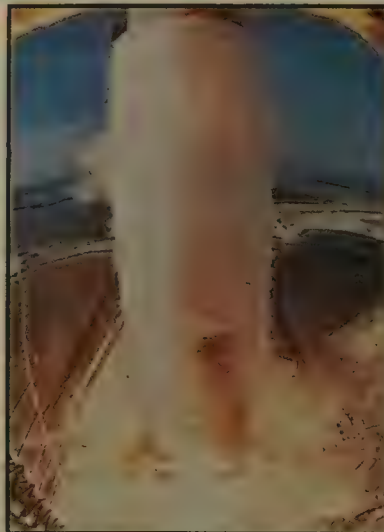
pulled it out to the full extension of a 100 foot cable. Then we had difficulty in guessing how far the hills on the horizon might be from us. The peculiar phenomenon is due to the closeness of the horizon; also, it's an irregular surface with crater rims overlying other crater rims. You can't see the real horizon; you're seeing hills that are closer to you . . . There are no storms, no snow, no winds, no unpredictable weather; as for the gravity . . . the Moon's a pleasant kind of place to work in."

On the Moon an astronaut has only one-sixth his normal weight, because the pull of gravity is so much weaker. Again there had been fears that this would make walking difficult; again the pessimists were shown to be wrong. Apollo 12 took Charles Conrad and Alan Bean to the Moon before the end of 1969, and this time the landing was so precise that the astronauts were able to walk across to the old unmanned probe Surveyor 3, which had been on the Moon since 1967, and bring parts of it back for analysis. But with Apollo 13, launched on April 11, 1970, events took a different and highly sinister turn.

The chosen landing site was close to the walled plain known as Fra Mauro, and the general procedure was to be an extension of the first two expeditions, but on the outward journey there was a violent explosion which blew out part of the side of the command module and put the main power units out of action. All that could be done was to abandon the proposed landing, "coast" round the Moon and use the engines of the lunar module to bring the crippled spaceship home. That this was accomplished safely is fitting tribute not only to the courage and resource of the astronauts themselves, but also to the contingency plans and brilliant improvisation of the technicians at Mission Control. Had the explosion happened on the return journey there would have been no hope; the lunar module would already have been jettisoned, and Apollo 13 would have been a helpless hulk.

Mercifully the remaining Apollos, 14 to 17 were successful. Landings were made; scientific instruments were set up; samples were obtained and the range of exploration was extended. The astronauts of Apollo 14, one of whom was no less a person than Alan Shepard, took a "lunar cart" to carry their equipment around. Then, with the last three missions, there were powered "moon cars" or Lunar Roving Vehicles which could be driven for considerable distances. David Scott and James Irwin of Apollo 15 drove to the lip of the great crack in the Moon's surface known as the Hadley Rill; Apollo 16 came down in the highlands, and one of the two Apollo 17 moon walkers was Harrison Schmitt, a professional geologist who had been trained as an astronaut specially for the mission.

Discovery followed discovery. In particular there was the "orange soil" found by Schmitt which was at first



July, 1969: a Saturn V rocket launched Apollo 11 on its quarter of a million mile flight to land the first men on the Moon.



thought to have been produced by recent volcanic activity, but which turned out to be due to very ancient coloured glassy beads. One thing the astronauts did not find was any sign of life.

Apollo 17 made its flight in December, 1972. At the end of the lunar mission first Schmitt and then Eugene Cernan re-entered the module and blasted back into orbit; the first phase of Man's conquest of the Moon was over.

Was it the greatest scientific adventure of all time? Probably. In any case, it showed that the fantastic dreams of Lucian, Cyrano, Kepler, Verne and Tsiolkovskii had come true.

Stations in space

There has been a great deal of idle talk about the alleged vast amount of money spent on space research. Critics claim that such sums would be better spent in improving conditions at home. There are always people who have no time for scientific progress—no doubt there were prehistoric demonstrations against the invention of the wheel—but it is often forgotten that space research has already brought immense benefits to mankind, in fields as diverse as medicine, agriculture and weather forecasting. And there are the space stations.

The first true space station was Russian. It was called Salyut 1 and was launched on April 19, 1971, during the height of the American Apollo programme. It was the size of a large bus and was sent up unmanned; four days later it was reached for the first time when Vladimir Shatalov, Alexei Yeliseyev and Nikolai Rukavishnikov in Soyuz 10 made a successful docking with it. Then, in the following month, three more cosmonauts—Georgi Dobrovolsky, Vladislav Volkov and Viktor Patsayev—went on board from another craft, Soyuz 11, and stayed there three weeks. They carried out all sorts of investigations, including surveys of the lesser-known regions of the Earth, before re-entering Soyuz 11 for the return journey.

Ironically, disaster struck at the very end of the mission. During the descent pressure in the capsule failed and when the rescue party opened the door after touch-down all three cosmonauts were dead. It was a science-fiction nightmare in real life, and the shock was as great in the West as in the East.

It was a major setback, quite apart from the human factor, but it did not slow down Russian progress as much as might have been expected. Since then there have been many more Salyut stations, which are both roomy and comfortable—very different from the cramped vehicle which took Yuri Gagarin into space. Soviet cosmonauts have stayed aloft for periods of several months and all kinds of research programmes have been carried out, ranging from medical experiments and astronomical observations to more mundane processes such as growing plants and welding metals under zero gravity. But above all was the wish to see whether Man could adapt to conditions in space. It was clear



Top, Edwin Aldrin on the Moon; left, the lunar module returns to Apollo 11; above, splashdown for Apollo 17, the last in the programme, in December, 1972.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

REX FEATURES

MAN IN SPACE

that short spells under weightlessness and exposure to cosmic radiation could be endured, but trips beyond the atmosphere lasting for much longer periods were different, and it is true that when the cosmonauts come down after prolonged space-flights they are often in poor physical shape. Zero gravity is the main trouble: muscles which have been weakened by the lack of weight are slow to re-adapt on return to Earth.

And yet the Russian space stations have been remarkably successful. Crews have been to them in rotation, unmanned probes have taken up supplies and docking is now almost a matter of routine. Moreover there was a major development on July 17, 1975. Soyuz 19 was in orbit carrying Alexei Leonov—the first “space-walker”—and Valeri Kubasov; it linked up with an American vehicle which was really a modified Apollo, and in a historic meeting in space the two cosmonauts joined the Americans Thomas Stafford, Vance Brand and Donald Slayton. It was fitting that Slayton should have been involved: he was one of the original seven Mercury astronauts and the only one who had never previously been in space, having been grounded for medical reasons. It was good to know he had at last achieved his ambition.

The link-up lasted 44 hours. Careful preparations had had to be made because both spacecraft had to be modified in readiness for the docking; in the event everything went smoothly and it augured well for future co-operation, essential if we are ever to colonize the Moon and travel to the planets.

Before this the first true United States space station had been launched. This was Skylab, which began its career in May, 1973. It was ambitious in the extreme: it was equipped with newly developed scientific instruments and scheduled to accommodate three crews in turn, each made up of three astronauts. Yet it presented plenty of problems during its first hours. Two solar panels, which were to supply about half the station's power, failed to extend, and the paper-thin aluminium shield designed to protect the craft from the Sun's rays and from tiny meteoritic particles was torn away. Information sent back showed that the temperature inside the cabin had soared to well over 150°F, and it seemed that the experiment was doomed to failure even before it had properly begun.

Once again human intervention, rather than the computer, saved the day. The first crew, made up of one veteran, Charles Conrad, late of Apollo 12, and two “rookies”, astronauts Joseph Kerwin and Paul Weitz, went up on a rescue mission. Skylab, orbiting at a height of over 200 miles, was in serious trouble. The module carrying the three adventurers docked safely, but at first it seemed that repairs were hopeless. Almost incredibly what may be termed a “sunshade” was fitted, the solar power wing was freed and in the end Skylab



The American space station Skylab, which was launched in May, 1973, and could accommodate three astronauts at a time.

did all that its makers had hoped. In June Conrad and his companions returned to Earth, a second crew replaced them at the end of July, and when they, too, came home a third team followed them. The last men of Skylab, astronauts Gerald Carr, Edward Gibson and William Pogue, stayed there for over 80 days. When they left, in February, 1974, the active life of Skylab was over.

To catalogue all the experiments carried out from the station would take a long time. There were some spectacular highlights; for instance new information about the Sun was obtained, and there was a welcome visitor in Kohoutek's Comet, which never became brilliant seen from Earth but was well observed by the last Skylab crew, and was found to be surrounded by a vast envelope of hydrogen. Television transmissions were regular and watchers on Earth became used to the sight of the Skylab occupants floating around weightless.

It is true that Skylab came to a somewhat inglorious end. When it was launched in 1973 the Sun was at its most placid; there were few solar storms and not many of the vast, darkish patches known as sunspots. But the Sun has a more or less regular cycle of activity, and when this activity builds up it affects the Earth's upper air, increasing the density and hence the drag on any vehicle moving within it, as Skylab was. This was something the American planners had overlooked. They had hoped to keep Skylab in orbit until well into the 1980s, by which time the space shuttle would be ready and the station could have been boosted into a higher, safe path. Unfortunately this did not happen: the shuttle was not ready and Skylab could not wait. On July 11, 1979, it plunged back into the lower air and broke up. Fragments of it were scattered over Western Australia and, though there were no casualties, it was a warning that tumbling space debris can be a real hazard.

Skylab and the Russian Salyuts are totally unlike the graceful, wheel-shaped structures that had been designed by the early pioneers in the days before the Space Age began, but they have been essential factors in the programme of exploration. Many problems have been faced and overcome. So, as we enter the 1980s, we can pause to consider what lies ahead.

The future

One of the major obstacles in the way of space exploration has always been finance. The Skylab mission alone cost something like \$2,600 million. This is not much in terms of national budgets (it pales into total insignificance compared with the money wasted annually on armaments) but it is still expensive and up to now spacecraft have been available for use only once. It is rather like building a new train for each journey between London and Manchester.

The solution lies in the space shuttle, which may be described as part spaceship, part aircraft and part glider. It is an American venture and its development has taken much longer than had been

hoped, but it will be able to ferry crews and supplies to and from orbiting stations, cutting costs and also making the whole programme much safer. There can be no doubt that Soviet plans include recoverable vehicles of the same type. Within the next decade we may look forward to space stations far more elaborate than Skylab or Salyut, and it is likely that men will go back to the Moon by 1990. Perhaps the "Lunar Base" will be in existence by the end of the century.

What form will it take? As yet we cannot tell; various schemes have been proposed, but at least the Moon is near at hand and spells of duty there can be limited. When we look further ahead our attention must surely be concentrated on the red world Mars, the only planet which is within reasonable range of us and not hopelessly hostile. There is no breathable Martian atmosphere and unmanned probes which have landed there have shown no signs of life on the surface, but at least there are materials

which will be of help to prospective colonists. In particular, there is ice.

What we do not yet know is whether a journey through space lasting for many months will be too much for human physique. The outlook is brighter than was once thought. In the words of Professor Konstantin Feoktistov, who flew in a Voskhod spaceship in 1964: "A little while ago we could not imagine that a flight to Mars could be carried out without some kind of artificial gravitational system. We believed that Man would not be able to live under zero gravity for so long. Now there is a faint hope that he will." Yet we must beware of over-confidence and Mars, never less than 34 million miles away, is beyond our range as yet.

Much depends on politics rather than science. Without full collaboration between the nations—not only America and Russia, but the whole world—we will never reach beyond the Earth-Moon system. Nor will we deserve to do

so. But if we work together there is no end to what we can achieve.

There is another point to bear in mind. Flights to Mars cannot be "there and back" missions in Apollo style; a base will have to be set up at once. If all goes well there will be men, women—and children. Will a boy or girl born and brought up on Mars, under weakened gravity, ever be able to adapt to conditions on Earth? It may be that the answer is "No", and in a few centuries it is possible that there will be two separate species of mankind—Earth-dwellers like ourselves and our Martian descendants, who can never come to their home planet. Probably a lunar colony can never be made completely self-supporting, but a Martian one may be able to become truly independent.

This is little more than speculation as yet. We cannot tell what lies ahead, but at least we may be sure that the story of space exploration is not over. It is only just beginning ●



The first space shuttle, Columbia, at Cape Canaveral. It will be used to ferry crews to and from orbiting space stations.

THE COUNTIES

Paul Jennings's

SUFFOLK

Photographs by Anne Cardale

John Constable told his engraver, David Lucas, a story which wonderfully illustrates the tremendous sense of place, of identity, of strong life-in-itself of Suffolk. A farm labourer, crossing the river Stour to the Essex bank in search of work, looked back and said, "Good-bye, old England, perhaps I may never see you more."

It is an open question whether Anne Hathaway's or Willy Lot's is the best known cottage in the world, but I count myself lucky to have been born and to have grown up in Warwickshire, the county of the former, and to have lived 24 years (and I hope for whatever remain) in the county of the latter. It is probably true to say that while Constable is not in Shakespeare's league (who could be?) he does have that same quality of proceeding from deep roots in an intense local and particular culture to an art of universal validity.

I once found myself wedged up against a horrible woman at an unavoidable literary cocktail party who, having elicited from me that I live in East Bergholt in a house ten minutes' walk up the lane (no longer, alas, a green tunnel since the mighty elms succumbed a few

years ago) from Flatford Mill, launched into a frightful attack on Constable's bourgeois sentimentalization of the English landscape: he should have been painting conscience-rousing pictures of children in the mines, and so on.

There is no point in arguing with that; I bet she thought *Macbeth* was anti-feminist and Hamlet the kind of bourgeois liberal whom the revolution will sweep away. It does not matter if *The Hay Wain*, that poignant glimpse of a perfect moment in the transient English summer, has been on a million chocolate boxes and playing cards; it is England. A boy from this village found the inevitable reproduction of it in a bar at one of those last-petrol-for-100-miles places in Arizona; they would not believe him at first when he said he was born here. I myself, standing among all the suitcases on the pavement when we of the Philharmonia Chorus were coming out of our buses to a rather grand hotel in Lisbon, wandered to a shop window where an enormous reproduction of it occupied the centre place.

Why is this? No one could call it a dramatic county. When Constable was bringing his daughter Minna to the

scenes which she had seen him painting and over which he had rhapsodized to her in their London home she said, "Why, Papa, it is only fields!"

But what fields, set in how subtly distinctive a landscape! When we moved here from London in 1956 (for purely economic reasons—good, big, cheap house; we did not know a soul in East Anglia except the friend and neighbour who told us about it; commuters all over the place now; no more cheap houses; but never regretted the decision for a moment) the A12 was a single-carriageway nightmare; you even had to go through Ingatstone, not to mention Brentwood and Witham and Kelvedon. The leisurely trains (proper steam trains) were all right if you were in the happy position of having to go to London only occasionally—there used to be a 9.18 from Manningtree (day return 15s, oh God, now it is £5.80), our train, which went regally even through Colchester without stopping, first stop Liverpool Street. But before they bypassed the road where it crosses the Stour at Stratford St Mary you came down a wooded hill to a sharp left turn and the river, and there might almost



have been some kind of red-and-white customs barrier across the road. There was one of those instant topographical changes, a natural boundary.

You read a great deal about East Anglian prairie farming, and, while it is true that a lot of hedges have gone, the basic Suffolk impression is of secret subdivision. Five hundred is a useful number to remember: there are over 500 medieval churches, by far the highest number proportionately, in England; something over 500,000 inhabitants; and over 500 moated manor houses.

There is another famous Constable painting, *The Cottage in a Cornfield* (in the V & A), but "The Small Manor in a Cornfield" would be an equally typical Suffolk view. The reasons for this go back a long way historically. Norman Scarfe, the historian of Suffolk (*Shell Guide, The Suffolk Landscape* and others), points out that in Domesday Book Suffolk was not only the most thickly populated county in England, but with 7,460 freemen Suffolk had well over half the total recorded for the rest of England. Owing to a local custom of "partible inheritance" (equal division between children) "an active market in small pieces of land, of a fairly modern kind, was well developed by the end of the 13th century".

Suffolk, therefore, has had not only a great deal of historical time to develop its unique character but has also been favoured geographically by the fact that it is not on the way to anywhere except Norfolk and the pale waters of the Wash.

The isolated manor-farmhouse or the snug village, often with the beautiful timber-framed architecture



Looking across the green at Long Melford towards the Victorian Grammar School and the 15th-century Holy Trinity Church.



Top, marshes near Walberswick. Left, the church at Needham Market with its fine 15th-century hammerbeam roof. Above, frost lying in the hollows of the Stour valley.

Suffolk

recalling medieval cloth-trade prosperity, are particularly observable in the central clay belt of High Suffolk, and some of them are over-exposed classics. It has now got through even to the advertising agencies that Lavenham with its famous Guildhall and film-set Tudor streets is a classic English village (I see the latest Ford ad uses it); and there are hilarious stories from Kersey of the week when the boys took it over for the minimal bit of the Mini Metro launch commercial not shot on Beachy Head. A lady came into her garden to find a total stranger damming up the stream so that the ford through which they had to dash would look deeper (or shallower, I forget which). A farmer with some cows in the middle distance was dismissed as not looking enough like a farmer so they sent for an actor. An old lady who had lived there all her life was bawled at repeatedly for daring to look out of her window while they were shooting. And some people who had come to stay for a week in the peaceful, picture-postcard, calendar village in the local pub below the church, which with its noble flint tower dominates the ridge and seems to be visible from miles round, left after two days...

But there are two other areas of Suffolk totally different visually: the shingle-beached coastal strip, mostly wild, sandy, pine-dotted heathland with gorse and heather, especially when you get up to Aldeburgh, that pure Suffolk town of flint and brick and white woodwork gleaming in the clear sea light, so natural a setting for Britten's clear music, and Southwold, a Victorian sea town with its spacious greens, and Adnams' brewery, where the best beer in England is delivered locally from drays drawn by, curiously, not Suffolk Punch but Percheron horses, not for sentimental reasons but because they save £1,000 a year on each lorry replaced. And there is the little corner north-west of Bury St Edmunds where you get not only Suffolk's share—in fact their northern end—of the chalk uplands (Newmarket Heath) that go via the Gog Magog hills of Cambridge, the Hertfordshire hills and the Thames Valley right down to Wessex, but also sandy Breckland, going on into Norfolk, where stage-coaches could get buried in sand dunes in the 18th century, where there is the Neolithic flint-mine, Grime's Graves, and there are also Forestry Commission conifer woods.

Right up in that top left-hand corner is Suffolk's bit of pure fen country, with its local capital of Mildenhall—as good a place as any to start looking at the inexhaustible treasure of Suffolk's churches. St Mary and St Andrew has many glories, including a superb east window of c 1300, but what you notice first, as in so many Suffolk churches, is the marvellous roof, here a tie-beam full of angels—riddled with buckshot and even arrow-heads fired by what Scarfe calls "maniac Puritans".

In Suffolk you may find an unmatched variety of every kind of roof:



Suffolk

Area

938,174 acres

Population

588,060

Main towns

Ipswich, Lowestoft, Bury St Edmunds, Felixstowe, Sudbury, Haverhill.

Main industries

Agriculture; agricultural machinery; textiles; brewing; sugar beet processing; fishing; boat-building; tourism.



Paul Jennings outside St Mary, Woolpit, his favourite Suffolk church.

the single-hammerbeam of which St Michael, Framlingham, is a noble example (not to mention the town's castle and its unspoilt architecture, rivalled or even bettered in central Suffolk only by Eye); and you can find the ultimate fantasmagoria of the double-hammerbeam all over the place. St Mary, Woolpit, with another incredible flurry of angels' wings, is my favourite—and what a porch! There is always some other glory as well. As for St John the Baptist, Needham Market—a rather barn-like exterior in one of Suffolk's less picturesque towns—just go in there and you will see a roof which H. Munro Cautley, whose famous *Suffolk Churches and their Treasures* is the outcome of a lifetime spent exploring these miracles, called "the culminating achievement of the medieval carpenter... unique and remarkable".

Nearly all these marvels are built of flint, the local material that seems to change from grey to silver to ochre to beige in the changing light of the wide skies. There are huge churches rising out of fields or marshland where you wonder how any population, at any time, could have afforded such things.

Take Holy Trinity at Blythburgh, "the Cathedral of the Marshes", full of

amazing light and space, where we saw the Aldeburgh Festival's *Idomeneo* two days after the Snape Maltings, the most beautiful concert hall in the world, had burnt down, later of course to be restored better than ever. It has about 20 houses huddled round it, but otherwise there are only fields and the wind in the huge reed-beds of the river Blyth marshes which debouch into the sea at Walberswick, just below Southwold.

No wonder it was called "Silly Suffolk", the adjective being a corruption of *selig*, German for "blessed". Certainly it was a church that made the biggest impression on me the first time I ever set foot in East Anglia. In 1952 certain key troops, of whom I was one, were called up for a fortnight in something called the Z Reserve (I have forgotten what that particular crisis was—could have been the Berlin airlift). Anyway, all I had to do was sit about with my signals section knocking out idiotic messages about Redland and Blueland forces, and watch bright September clouds sailing over the noble church of Long Melford at the top of the vast green that comes after the beautiful wide (and eponymously long) village street. It is one of a chain of magical villages passed through as you go up the Stour:

Stoke-by-Nayland with its majestic, ridge-dominating tower beloved of Constable, Bures, Gainsborough's Sudbury, Cavendish, Clare... and I thought, I wouldn't mind living round here.

We newcomers tend to be more Catholic than the Pope when it comes to loving the place. It seems to be full of writers and artists, viewed with a tolerant eye by the real locals with their deadpan humour ("Jim, there's a drop a-hangin' from yore nose," said a man in a pub to his crony with a rather large nose. "Dew yew woipe it then, boy. It's nearer to yew"), their rich dialect and their unfussy, deliberate, courteous conversation. There is a marvellous picture of them in *Suffolk Scene* by Julian Tennyson, a young man's labour of love (he was killed in Burma) about the county of his boyhood holidays.

Among other splendid things it contains the story of St Edmund's martyrdom by the Danes in 800 as told to him by a Suffolk ploughman. When finally captured by "them Deens, they must ha bin whully a savidge lot o' devils", he shows his true mettle. "'Oho, me little King-o,' they say, 'yew're ketched now an yew're a goin to be kilt an no mistake. But ere's one thing,' they say, 'will yew give up yer Chrisheranity afore yew're kilt, y'know kind o' change yer relijun like, cause thass the wrong un yew got there, boy.' But young Edmund he was a werry kerajus chap, he whully stuck by what he thot was roight, dew they moight ha let im orf. 'I ain't a goin to give up nuthen fer yew,' he say, 'yew're a rotten lot o' barstids the whull bloody bag of ye...'"

St Edmund—here we are at the end of the article and only just arrived at Bury, the elegant, now predominantly 18th-century town where his shrine was once in the greatest abbey in England. And then there is the nearby great house of Ickworth with its park and gardens and rotunda. There are the innumerable creeks and sailing harbours, from Lowestoft to Aldeburgh to Orford to Pin Mill and the sailing capital of Woodbridge, haunted by that adorable Edward FitzGerald of Boulge Hall, who when he was not translating Omar Khayyām or dining with Tennyson or sailing was in London pining for Suffolk.



Above left, Willy Lott's cottage at Flatford. Top, the timber-framed Guildhall at Lavenham, built in 1529. Left, the wind-swept sea-front at Southwold in winter. Above, Blythburgh village, which was until the 16th century a prosperous fishing town but which, like the town of Southwold, declined when the Reformation reduced the demand for fish.

On May 23, 1845, he wrote, "... there is an old hunting picture in Regent St. which I want him [his friend Thomas Churchyard, the painter and one of the "Woodbridge Wits" together with George Crabbe, son of the poet, and the Quaker Bernard Barton whose daughter FitzGerald, one of nature's bachelors, unwillingly married; he saw a pink blancmange at the reception and said "Ugh! Congealed bridesmaid!"] to look at. I think it is Morland; whom I don't care twopence for; the horses ill-drawn; some good colour; the people English; good old England! I was at a party of modern wits last night that made me creep into myself, and wish myself talking away to any old Suffolk woman in her cottage... The wickedness of London appals me; and yet I am no paragon."

I suppose it is a bit tactless to quote that last sentence in a magazine with this one's title, and of course Ipswich has its little dirty films cinema just like anywhere else, but there it is; I do not think I could live anywhere else now ●

Life on a supertanker

by John Winton

The author describes life on board BP's 275,000 ton supertanker, *British Resolution*, a self-contained, self-sufficient carrier of crude oil.

Photographs by Richard Cooke.



She really is as big as they say. A man pedaling a bicycle does not look at all out of place on that great, green, tank deck. It is like a prairie, acres and acres of it, 1,110 feet long and 175 feet wide.

Either side of her bridge there is space for a dinner dance for 80 couples. A deck below there is room for two cricket nets beside the swimming pool. There is a lift from the bottom level of her vast, cathedral-like engine-room up to the bridge which rises through eight decks, the height of a respectably sized block of flats. For hundreds of years ship designers have tried to find the perfect cargo-carrier—an oblong box with shaped ends to carry the most freight with the least fuss. Now, with the supertanker and the technology needed to operate her, they seem to have found it.

British Resolution is not the biggest supertanker, and not even the biggest of BP's fleet (though very nearly). At 275,000 tons she is a VLCC (Very Large Crude Carrier), which is defined as anything over 200,000 tons. Anything over 350,000 tons becomes a ULCC (Ultra Large Crude Carrier), and there are a few ships of 500,000 tons and more. Had it not been for the Yom Kippur War of 1973 and the subsequent oil crisis the first million ton tanker might well have been built, though even by then there was already a world surplus of tanker capacity.

Yet, curiously, once out at sea *British Resolution* seems to shrink and become almost ordinary in size compared with the great sweep of ocean and sky. In her own element she is neither grotesquely

big nor unduly ponderous. Despite her great bulk she moves readily to the lift of the sea, rolls ever so slightly, pitches ever so delicately. As her Master says, "She's like a 12 stone girl friend, big but willing."

Her Master, Morris Boyd, up on his bridge, seems quite unmoved by his responsibilities in command of what must be one of the largest moving man-made structures in the world. He is so accustomed to his vast charge that it takes him a moment or two to think of any particular difference between her and a normal ship. "There is one," he says. "You do have to anticipate a bit more, think ahead about what the effect of an order is going to be, miles ahead."

Morris Boyd has been at sea all his life, having started in cargo



British Resolution has eight decks; seen here are views of her great, green, tank deck, 1,110 feet long and 175 feet wide. With only 36 crew members, the supertanker needs a great many instruments. They are operated from the Machinery Control Room, top, by a watch-keeper, seen here testing alarm circuits.

Life on a supertanker

ships in the 1940s. He has been with BP for 30 years and he has fully developed that phenomenon known as "His Master's Eye". Often, too often to be coincidence, it is the captain of the ship who just happens to notice something first, who just happens to be looking at the bit of horizon where a ship appears and sees it before anybody else.

A BP Master earns between £14,000 and £20,000 a year, depending on experience and length of service. He serves four months in command and will then be relieved for two months. Seven Masters normally command four tankers between them, relieving each other at intervals. The Master, the Chief Engineer, the Catering Officer and, possibly, the Chief Officer would expect to return to the same ship after leave and serve about two years on board. But the rest of the ship's company of 36 officers and men would probably join another ship after leave and not see *British Resolution* again for years, if at all.

It seems a disjointed, nomadic sort of life, but on board there is a carefully structured existence, with a place for everybody and everybody in his place. The Master has his own suite of cabins and everybody else has a cabin, or a share of a cabin, with his proper title inscribed on a tally above the door.

On long passages to the Gulf round the Cape of Good Hope the ship settles into a steady routine which eats up time. The rhythm of life slows right down. The watch-keepers are in three watches, four hours on, eight hours off, and they always keep the same watches every day. They say two men can look after the ship, and even the second man is only needed in case the first has a heart attack or falls and knocks himself out.

Supertankers have to keep 25 miles away from the coast of Africa because of anti-pollution regulations in case of a collision. Most tankers dare not even have a helicopter come out from Cape Town with mail for fear of being "blackened" by other oil producers such as Nigeria.

Wives are welcome to come along for the passage and there are normally two or three on board, enjoying the peace and the sunshine, the lack of housework and hassle. "You get to the stage where lifeboat drill is a big excitement," they say. "It's much better than the Costa Brava—and cheaper." The food is very good and very plentiful, with lots of choice, but day-time meals tend to be sparsely attended. The main meal of the day, which everybody not on watch attends, is eaten in the early evening, at about five o'clock. This is the chief social event of every day.

A ship of such size with only 36 crew members needs a great many instruments to compensate for the absence of human eyes and hands. Instruments keep the ship on course and at a steady speed. Instruments scan compartments for fire and flood. There is one instrument which shows whether the ship is

really stopped, dead in the water. The human eye can be deceived, and a ship of this mass moving even slightly can do a great deal of expensive damage when coming alongside a jetty.

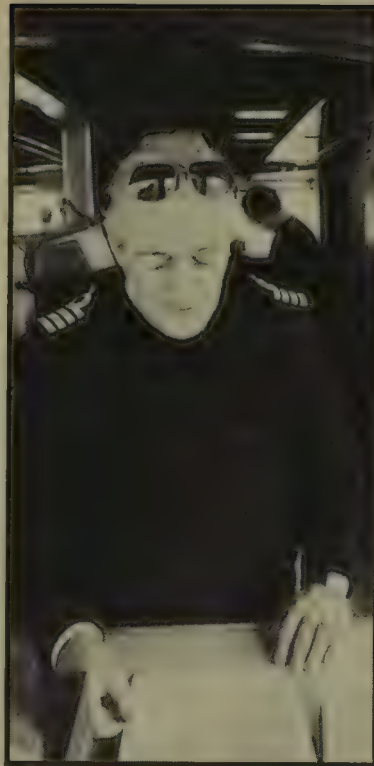
At night, and at weekends on passage, the engine-room is put on the UMS (Unmanned Machinery Space) system. The watch-keepers set the controls, leave their Machinery Control Room with its banks of gauges and coloured lights—and just go. Chief Engineer John Whiting prefers it that way. He has been with BP for 24 years and there is not much you can teach him about machinery or people who, he says feelingly, "are my biggest problem. You don't get any defects with UMS. Things go wrong only when people go down there." If a defect does develop it triggers a series of alarms, each more urgent and insistent than the last, summoning first the Duty Engineer and, ultimately, the Chief Engineer—and when that happens, everybody on board knows something is very wrong.

Like many big women, *British Resolution* is extremely quick on her feet. Oil companies like BP are very sensitive indeed to any suggestions that supertankers are so big they plunge about the ocean uncontrollably and unmanoeuvrably, unable to react to an emergency. Ralph Maybourn, who was a tanker captain himself and is now a BP director and assistant general manager (operations) says, somewhat heatedly. "They do not career all over the ocean out of control. That's all a myth." It is true, however, that if one simply stopped the engines and did nothing else a VLCC would run on for almost an hour and travel nearly 10 miles before finally stopping. But that, as Maybourn says, "is like asking the driver of a juggernaut how far it would take him to come to a halt on a motorway if he did not apply the brakes".

Properly handled, a ship like *British Resolution* could "crash stop" in 12 minutes, having travelled some seven ship-lengths, or just about a mile and a half. Putting the helm hard over, she can turn aside in under four ship-lengths, or about 1,200 yards. A technique called "rudder cycling", using engines and rudder together, can stop a VLCC in a straight line in about 3,500 yards.

At sea a supertanker's destination is often changed at short notice: "Haven't You Heard, It's All Been Changed" is a supertanker's motto. The oil business is extremely volatile and coming home from the Gulf a cargo of oil might be sold more than once on passage. "Falmouth for orders" they used to say in the days of sail. Now it is "Penzance to see what's happening".

The destination might be Rotterdam's Europort, or the Isle of Grain in Kent, or the Firth of Forth, or Sullom Voe in the Shetlands. An event like the Gulf War between Iran and Iraq has less effect than one would think. A supertanker's crew become so philosophical about their lot that a few shots overhead or a few Omani and Iranian patrol boats crossing their bows are all in a day's work. As long as the Strait of



Morris Boyd, the supertanker's Master.

Hormuz stays open there is still a choice of places left to embark crude oil.

A world-wide glut of oil has more effect. Suddenly a tanker stops transporting oil and stays alongside, sometimes for weeks, even for months, no longer a ship but simply a floating oil storage tank. Even when a supertanker arrives at an anchorage in the Firth of Forth there is a marked lack of dramatics. The main machinery is shut down but the watches still change every four hours. Meanwhile nobody goes ashore; nobody comes out to the ship; and there are no newspapers, no mail and no outside contact except by radio. This great floating mass of steel arrives, seemingly self-contained and self-sufficient, stays awhile and then, almost furtively, departs again.

The officers tend to be BP "career-men" who started off as cadets with the company. Not so the sailors. They are GP (General Purpose) ratings, qualified to keep watches in the engine room as well as on the upper deck. There are normally 12 of them on a ship of the size of *British Resolution*, led by the Bo'sun, a Chief Petty Officer, with two petty officers.

The company encourages a team to stick together and to go from ship to ship as a team. It fosters team spirit and loyalty and this seems to work. Sailors are naturally conservative and once a team has settled, according to Mr Morton, *British Resolution's* Bo'sun, they like to stay together. It is quite rare to get a disruptive personality. "If we do," says Morton, "we get rid of him."

The sailors say sardonically that they are "the only British things on board". The ship was built by Mitsubishi in Nagasaki, Japan, in 1974 and "everything is Japanese from the pencil-sharpeners upwards". In fact, that is not quite true. The deck-winchers are German and the loading computer is Swedish.

Loading does actually need a computer. The 12 tanks, in sets of three, are nearly 90 feet deep and are filled to within a fraction of an inch. Very sensibly, not the depth of the oil but the space left above its surface is measured. With such quantities of oil, and its weight acting over such large surfaces, the strains on the ship's hull are enormous. The computer works out what they are.

While embarking or discharging oil, Chief Officer Peter Darlow keeps in touch with his men by walkie-talkie. Using his computer he has to be very careful how the oil flows. "Luckily, the ship seems to tell you when you're doing something wrong." Even so, "a novice could break her back". Break her back? That must be a sailor's yarn. In fact, the supertanker *Energy Concentration*, owned in Hong Kong, broke in two "like a cat arching its back" while unloading oil in Rotterdam last July.

With horrific memories of the *Torrey Canyon* and the *Amoco Cadiz*, oil companies are touchy on the subject of pollution (though their critics say they are not sensitive enough). There are about 800 supertankers in the world. Some 29 million tons of oil pass the Cape of Good Hope every month bound for the west. As Maybourn says, "It is not humanly possible to cut out all the risks."

Wherever possible the level of oil in a wing tank is kept below the level of the sea outside. If there should be a collision and a tank is punctured the sea will flow in, instead of the oil gushing out. The space above the oil in a tank is always filled with combustion gas from the funnel, cleaned in a separator column and piped to the tanks. Its exact composition is important and is monitored to check that the correct proportions of nitrogen, oxygen, carbon dioxide and sulphur dioxide are present.

Even so, there are accidents and they are the main reason why the National Union of Seamen is uneasy about manning levels in supertankers. The Spanish *Maria Alejandra*, in March, 1980, was the latest supertanker to blow up and simply disappear without time even to send out a distress signal.

Many sailors lament the passing of the old days. In *British Resolution*, as everywhere else at sea, it does not blow like it used to. "There aren't the characters at sea nowadays." Even so, it is reassuring to see how much is unchanging. There may be galleries of coloured lights "like something out of *Star Trek*" and gadgets that "ring a bloody great bell if the Old Man so much as sneezes" but many of the sailors build models and do tapestry or craft work, much as they did in the days of sail. The pilot may come off in a helicopter as often as he does by boat nowadays, but there is still a "Galley radio" on board, where all the best rumours start and finish. There may be pension schemes, bonuses and yearly increments, but the basic urge to go to sea is still romantic, as it has been for generations. "Why did I join?" says one of *British Resolution's* deck cadets. "I wanted to see what life was like away from Bradford, where I came from." ●



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The condition of England

by Robert Blake

Alas, Alas for England
by Louis Heren
Hamish Hamilton, £7.95

The difficulty in writing a book about the contemporary problems of a country is that they change so rapidly between manuscript and publication. If Louis Heren's analysis of our decline had been delivered only a month or two later there would have been an item to add to the index after "Social", besides "Contract" and "mobility". Social Democracy is not mentioned at all, nor could it have been. Yet its sudden rise can be argued to be the most important potential change in the political pattern of the country since the displacement of the Liberals by Labour in the 1920s. Of course it may all come to nothing in the end, but at the least it is likely to be a major factor in psephological calculations until the next election.

Mr Heren takes the title of his book from a poem by G. K. Chesterton:

"But they that fought for England,

Following a falling star,

Alas, alas for England

They have their graves afar.

And they that rule in England,

In stately conclave met,

Alas, alas for England

They have no graves as yet."

Mr Heren's "alas, alas" is from the second quatrain. His book is a thoughtful survey of the defects and difficulties of modern English government, by a high-level English journalist who, thanks to a long series of assignments abroad, had become almost a stranger in his own country. The book is written from the point of view of an intelligent, perceptive foreign correspondent. Mr Heren was once told by a friend that he knew all about the springs of American government but nothing about Britain. The work which Mr Heren put into this book was an attempt to remedy the deficiency. He has certainly produced a very readable analysis of the "condition of England" today.

Mr Heren will have no truck with one argument sometimes used to defend the decline of England, the theory that the lack of economic growth which distinguishes this country from all its western democratic capitalist allies is the result of a conscious choice. A writer called Bernard Nossiter in *Britain: A Future That Works* (1978) actually maintained that the British having been first in the Industrial Revolution were now the first people of the post-industrial age to appreciate the virtues of leisure as opposed to ceaseless material progress. Britain had become a society more or less at peace with itself. Mr Heren rightly repudiates this description. "The evidence is to the contrary. We are not a society at peace with

ourselves."

Edward Heath spoke of "the unacceptable face of capitalism". The trade unions have revealed an equally unacceptable face. Mr Heren quotes Barbara Hammond: "The Labour party exalted the humble and the meek and redistributed the wealth, and unfortunately the humble and meek turned very nasty in the process." And he later cites what seems as good an example as one could find—"the whining of Mr Alan Fisher, the general secretary of Nupe whose members left the sick unattended and the dead unburied".

Mr Heren disclaims being a "union basher" and he is right in the crude sense of the words, but he leaves us in no doubt that the influence of the unions on the British economy is, in his opinion, now almost wholly bad. He refers to the remarkably prescient speech in 1951 of Walter Elliot who first gave currency to the description of trade unions as a new Estate of the Realm. Elliot said: "It is the hallmark of an Estate of the Realm that it can vote supplies. We [that is, Parliament] can vote the supply of money, without which enterprises of the State cannot be conducted; the trade unions can vote the supply of labour, without which, equally, the affairs of the State cannot be conducted." Commenting on this categorization, Mr Heren observes: "In recent years the movement has done more damage to the economy and the country than any other of Mr Elliot's estates of the realm, and has achieved less for its members than trade unions in other democracies."

If this view of the unions is correct then the real problems are to discover why British trade unionism developed as it did and to consider ways of changing it. Mr Heren only touches on these problems. He lays instead a good deal of emphasis on the defects of the Civil Service, home and foreign, and even more on the *folie de grandeur* which he believes that both they and the politicians have encouraged. He is particularly severe on Harold Macmillan whose premiership he considers to have been one of missed opportunities. It is probably true that Britain was not in a position to maintain a welfare state and be a nuclear power at the same time, as Lord Thorneycroft said after his resignation from the Treasury in 1958. But if Macmillan erred here, so did Harold Wilson. Perhaps the national mood was such that no prime minister could have avoided that mistake. Nor can one easily see how the defects of the trade unions are connected with it. Would they not have existed anyway?

Mr Heren has written a book which will certainly make his readers think. He has not solved the problem of British decline, but then no one else has, and at least he does not despair of the future. He quotes an interview with James Callaghan: "We just have to live through this period, and wish good luck to those who are trying to change it. The change will come. You can be sure of that." Let us hope he is right.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

Other People: A Mystery Story

by Martin Amis

Cape, £5.95

The Radiant Future

by Alexander Zinoviev

Bodley Head, £7.50

Rhine Journey

by Ann Schlee

Macmillan, £5.95

Gentleman's Gentleman

by Julian Fane

Hamish Hamilton, £6.95.

For a novel with a dead heroine Martin Amis's *Other People* is vividly, provocatively, if also enigmatically alive. Taken for real, rather than as a symbol, "Mary" is first discovered in a ward in an amnesiac state, apparently the victim of a brutal assault, perhaps of attempted murder. In search of her identity she passes through a world of odd drop-outs, alcoholics, petty criminals and brutish sex, living with the nymphomaniac Sharon's family, then in a hostel and later in a communal set-up, working in a café and then settling down in a weirdly fulfilling relationship with Jamie, who is going queer and mad and has plenty of money he does nothing to earn. On this strange journey she is shadowed protectively by a benevolent mysterious detective, John Prince, who keeps in touch and with whom she eventually seems to be living. At first she is like an innocent without experience or preconceptions who accepts unquestioningly the people and places she encounters, the extraordinary and outrageous things that happen to her. Inevitably she encounters herself in a mirror, and wonders if she can really be a missing person called Amy Hide.

Suspensions that we are being treated to a "metaphysical thriller" are soon confirmed, not least by doubts about the shape or direction of Mary's journey. Is she reaching for the light at the end of a tunnel or surfacing through layers of time and consciousness? We do seem to be in some kind of existential hell but are the "other people" those of Sartre's hell or are they simply women in the condition to which their sex, and men, condemn them? Mary seems to think so. "... Women are the other people, yes we are. We're deep-divers, every one. You face the surface tempest where you can thrash and shout, but we swim underwater all our lives."

This is a teasing, tensely wrought novel, its prose quivering with arresting, sometimes fanciful but generally apt and searching images.

Alexander Zinoviev's *The Yawning Heights* was a savagely humorous attack on the Soviet system from the inside. The title of this now exiled author's new book is ironic—*The Radiant Future* being that New Jerusalem called

communism towards which Soviet society is continually progressing but which it has never actually attained. The narrator of the story is head of the Department of Theoretical Problems of the Methodology of Scientific Communism, a cumbersome designation which clearly signposts the author's lethally satiric intentions in depicting this professor's fate as the edifice of his dialectics and dogma crumbles away. Why do even the most nonsensical ideas which swim along the channels of Marxism manage to survive and flourish, his subtly questioning friend Anton asks. It is because "what ideology needs is specifically nonsense". Certainly what we are drawn into in this revelation of the politics, rivalries, waste and corruption of the official Soviet academic world is something that seems mad, bad and dangerous to know. Reading this book, in Gordon Clough's translation, the reader has a sense of shifting reality which is appropriate to a novel that resembles a parable but has a documentary incisiveness.

Ann Schlee's short novel *Rhine Journey* concerns the experiences of an English family, the Reverend Charles Morrison, his wife Marion, his 17-year-old daughter Ellie and his unmarried sister Charlotte, travelling by paddle-steamer on the Rhine in 1851. The feel of the period is caught authentically enough without being overdone, but matters less because it is Charlotte's interior journey that dominates the story. She sees a face in a quayside crowd that reminds her of the man she had loved in vain long ago; while the image haunts her the man she has observed also lingers long enough to involve them all in a drama about missing passports. Over a longer stretch the author's characterization, especially of the bigoted, self-centred Charles Morrison, might have seemed less stark. But the story of Charlotte's journey towards an assertion of her individuality is simply and sensitively related.


Gentleman's Gentleman is a portrait of William Kitchener Brown, for 30 years "the manservant, butler, cook, valet, general factotum, jester and boon companion" of the narrator's novelist friend Hereward Watkins. This irrepressibly colourful character, defiantly alcoholic, charmingly unreliable yet indispensable, developed a shrewd understanding of the interdependent relationship between masters and men from his early years as page and waiter at the Piccadilly Club. Having Brown, a cockney of humble but ambiguous origins, in your employment was no trifling matter. Master and man "had traversed the charted areas of service, friendship, and assumptions of mastery on Brownie's side. Hereward was willing to pay any ransom to get out of it." He buys Brownie a little house in Margate to which the egregious fellow retires and where soon afterwards he dies. Julian Fane undoubtedly has the light touch for which his publishers recommend this book.

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The way we lived then

by Ursula Robertshaw

On May 1 at their Montpelier Galleries Bonham's are to hold a sale of bygones, artifacts from medieval times onwards collected by one man over a period of 50 years from junk shops, market stalls and local sales all over the country. Price estimates range from about £20 to £2,500—the latter for a pair of medieval brass pricket candlesticks on lion sejant feet—and the whole collection is expected to make over £25,000.

There are several categories of articles, for example a range of objects connected with smoking: pipe stoppers, a snuff rasp and a snuff spoon, a tobacco cutter. There is a collection of keys and padlocks dating from late medieval to the 19th century. Household items include special irons for creating pleats or ruffles, wooden bats for beating the washing, mousetraps and a double rush light holder. There are early dentists' tools, labels used by coffin makers, a collection of spectacles and a late-18th-century microscope, wooden figures used as signs outside

shops and a collection of snuff boxes.

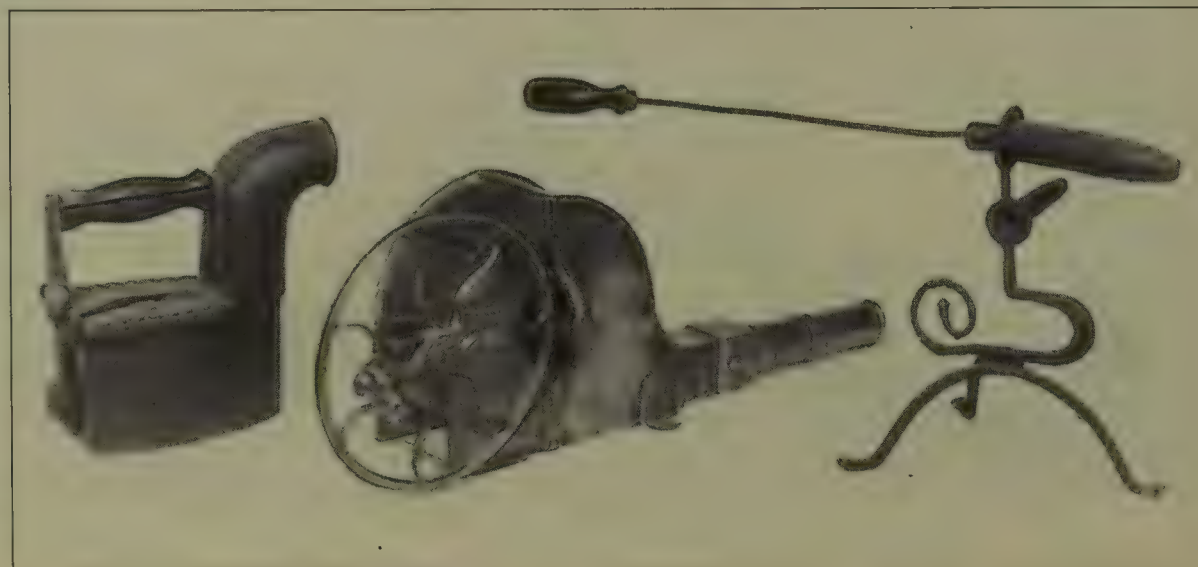
Among the most interesting categories is that dealing with rural trades and crafts. There is a straw mangle, used to flatten straw for making hats; bone sticks used to beat time by 20 men harnessed with ribbons to a plough on Plough Monday in Yorkshire; a gamekeeper's tally; a lamb's feeding bottle made from pewter; an eel spear.

More sinister objects include leg irons, manacles and a nasty looking scold's bridle, consisting of an iron structure that locked over the head with a metal protrusion to fit over the tongue, stated to have been used by the civil authorities to punish a scolding woman. What, I wonder, did they use to chastise a grousing man?

Some of the artifacts have a rude charm, such as the leggy-looking "footman", or wooden-handled trivet with pierced brass plate for use in the parlour; some a sturdy character all of their own, such as the 17th-century treen trencher stand. Nearly all of them remind us what a hard business living was only a few years ago, and how pampered we have all become ●



Above, one of a pair of medieval brass pricket candlesticks. Top, a Bedfordshire straw mangle; a thatcher's bat; a wheelwright's measuring wheel and a plane dated 1756; a packman's stick. Centre, a late 18th-century iron churchwarden pipe cleaning rack; a brank or scold's bridle; a late 18th-century wooden-handled trivet with pierced brass plate, known as a "footman" when used in the parlour. Right, an early 19th-century smoothing iron; an 18th-century Irish brass-cased peat fire bellows; an early 18th-century goffering iron.



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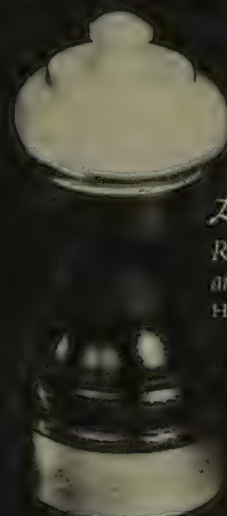
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Portraits and personalities

by Kenneth Hudson

"A large collection of representations of the human face is almost bound to be monotonous and a bit depressing," wrote one of the contributors to *The Good Museums Guide* in her report on the National Portrait Gallery in London. "I think," she went on, "there are too many portraits and not enough supporting themes."

This may well be true. Perhaps the Gallery does show too much and interpret too little. Perhaps in a museum, as in real life, one can suffer from a surfeit of faces. Even so, there are occasions on which sheer quantity is a merit, as the joint efforts of the National Trust and the National Portrait Gallery have proved in the exhibition of Elizabethan portraits so pleasantly arranged in the Long Gallery at Montacute. This assembly of grim and often rather brutal and coarse faces conveys immediately the aggressiveness, ambition and animal force of the class which exercised power in Elizabethan England and which, in the process of enriching itself, so greatly increased the wealth and prestige of the nation. They were not pleasant people, any more than the men who pushed through the Industrial Revolution and coloured so much of the map of the

world a fine British imperialist red were pleasant people.

Perhaps, one muses in the Long Gallery, the prime cause of Britain's failings today may be a shortage of single-minded, nasty New Elizabethans in high places. It is extremely doubtful if the portraits were brought to Montacute to illustrate or encourage this thesis. The idea is born by accident, a useful by-product of artistic quantity.

There are obviously many ways of extracting meaning from a collection of portraits, many ways of signposting them. Few museums, however, have tackled the job in such an enterprising fashion as the Scottish National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh. The amount of display space available is barely adequate and somewhat awkwardly distributed, with a baronial-type staircase linking the upstairs and downstairs sections. To use the whole area effectively has demanded considerable ingenuity and a clear-cut policy. One senses a determination to interpret, communicate and make every portrait earn its keep.

One comes first to an excellent introductory exhibition and clearly much care has gone into planning and designing it. The first text goes straight to the point. "A new look at old portraits", it says. "These portraits are from our own collections and include a

large proportion of the most famous. They answer certain questions about the people in them, but they leave other questions unanswered. How much can a portrait actually tell us? What do we expect when we look at a portrait? The display poses questions of this sort and suggests ways of finding answers."

Each portrait is then analysed in a stimulating manner and quite without pedantry. We are not bound to agree with everything we read, but our minds are set moving and it is encouraging to find that someone has gone to a lot of trouble on our behalf; we are not left to sink or swim. Instead we are shown William Ewart Gladstone, "fixing his eyes on Victorian certainties", and the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton "doing their best to cope" with Kokoschka's warning, "You don't want to be painted by me. My art is cruel." Lord Reith, as painted by Sir Oswald Birley in 1933, has his place as an honoured Scot, but the portrait, we are advised, has some odd features about it. The subject "never played the role of the conventional business executive as he does here. The lack of substance in the tiny head, the fudged hands, papers, collar and tie, are all a contradiction of the man's impatient strength."

There is a most interesting section called The Icons. "An icon is the image

of a person who's specially revered. It's come to stand for an idea, once religious, now cultural and social. Before the image comes to be venerated, it will be multiplied endlessly. Likeness hardly matters, as long as the image is instantly recognizable." To make the point, we have Nasmyth's 1787 portrait of Robert Burns, the original picture from which all the copies came. "It was actually made to be copied," we are told, "as an engraving for a new edition of Burns's poems." Below the original there are beer-cans and shortbread tins bearing the icon. And so with Sir Walter Scott, Bonnie Prince Charlie and the rest of the Scottish pantheon.

The Scottish National Portrait Gallery is noteworthy because it has its priorities right. It selects carefully, it interprets and points the way, it acquires only what is genuinely national, and it works hard to stop good Scottish portraits going elsewhere when they come up for sale. "Lord Darnley comes to Scotland", said a poster outside the Gallery. "The unique portrait of Lord Darnley as a boy. Bought for the nation. Now on show to the public." One can undertake this kind of fund-raising with a clear conscience. Lord Darnley is part of the Scottish heritage in a way that a Rubens or an Italian vase would not be. He is in his proper home here ●

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Tax-free investments

by John Gaselee

In considering the return from any type of investment, what really matters is the yield net of tax, and this depends on each individual's tax position. For anyone with a low income a high gross rate of interest is best, but for someone paying the top rate of income tax, plus investment income surcharge, it may be better to opt for what appears to be a relatively low return, but which is at least tax free.

Traditionally, high-rate taxpayers have chosen low coupon, gilt-edged securities. There is no limit to the amount of such stock which may be held and, while the twice-yearly interest payments will be taxed in the normal way, the capital appreciation (which can be guaranteed if the stock is held until its redemption date) will be free from tax as long as the stock is held for more than 12 months.

That is one way in which the Government makes its own investments attractive. It operates the same ploy with certain National Savings products, though the amount which can be invested is generally limited. National Savings Certificates give a good tax-free return, but should be kept for the whole initial period. If they are cashed earlier the return,

while still tax free, will be less attractive.

For those who are of eligible age—now 50—the index-linked certificates commonly known as Granny Bonds have the advantage of being tax free and index-linked, rising in value at the same pace as the Retail Price Index. These certificates pay out no income but simply accumulate in value. While some can be cashed to provide tax-free income, a better return overall will be achieved by leaving the money invested.

For those paying tax at the highest rates, the humble ordinary account with the National Savings Bank has something to offer. If £1,400 is invested at 5 per cent interest it will earn £70 a year tax free. Interest in excess of £70 a year is taxed.

Do not ignore premium savings bonds, particularly if you are a high-rate taxpayer and have some thousands of pounds to invest. In April the prize structure was readjusted increasing the chances of a win. Now, for any one bond the odds are about 13,800 to one against its winning in any single month. With 12 draws each year, for every £1,150 invested you should win on average a £50 or £100 tax-free prize a year.

The tax advantages of life assurance contracts should not be overlooked. If capital is available, part of it can be used to pay the first annual premium towards

a ten-year "qualifying" policy, with the balance being used to buy a term annuity, which will pay benefits annually for nine years which can be used to pay the subsequent premiums. With this arrangement only part of the annuity benefits will be taxable and, within limits, the annual premium will be subject to a discount of 15 per cent, which the life office then collects from the Inland Revenue. At the end of the ten-year premium paying period the maturity value of the policy is in your hands free from tax.

The Scottish Provident Institution offers a profit-sharing contract where premiums are payable for ten years, at the end of which the value of the policy increases at guaranteed rates over the succeeding 20 years, with bonuses being paid in addition. Tax-free withdrawals can be made at any time.

The same idea of paying ten annual premiums can be used with a unit-linked policy. Typically, at the end of the ten-year premium-paying period, cash can be taken without paying any tax or you can cease paying premiums but defer taking the benefit. On the other hand, no more than a nominal premium need be paid, and tax-free withdrawals of "income" can be taken as required.

If a single-premium unit-linked policy is bought, there can be a liability to

higher rate tax and/or investment income surcharge. While up to 5 per cent of the initial purchase price can be withdrawn each year for up to 20 years, with no tax being paid at the time, those withdrawals will be taken into account in calculating any liability to higher rate tax on final encashment. That, therefore, is not necessarily a tax-free investment.

There are a few tax-exempt friendly societies, of which the Family Assurance Society is the largest. As with a life assurance company, regular premiums can be paid, which are eligible for the life assurance premium relief discount of 15 per cent. These premiums are then invested in a tax-exempt fund. The only drawback is that the amount which may be invested in this way is strictly limited.

For anyone faced with meeting school fees in the future a capital trustee scheme is worth considering. Capital is paid in advance of a child's going to school to secure *guaranteed* payments towards the subsequent fees. The cheques will be payable to the school, and a parent's tax position will not be affected. Provided there is a reasonably long time to run before the first fees are required, the return from this type of scheme can be worth while for a high-rate taxpayer. This scheme can provide for the payments to escalate at an agreed rate while a child is at school.



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MOTURING

Top of the range from Talbot

by Stuart Marshall

In depressed 1981 life is tough at the top for the car makers. The large, executive-type car has to fight for its share of the market just as fiercely as the £3,000 family hatchback. Latest to appear on the scene is the Talbot Tagora, a car as crucially important to the hard-pressed Talbot company as the Metro is to British Leyland. When the factory at Linwood closes this summer the elderly Avenger and its hatchback derivative, the Sunbeam, will die with it. Then the Talbot range will consist essentially of the Horizon, Alpine, Solara and, at the peak of the pyramid, the Tagora.

Talbot needs the Tagora because to prosper in the company car market manufacturers must have a large saloon for the top executives as well as hatchbacks for the reps and a medium-size saloon for the middle managers. Price will be all-important and, as I write, no one knows what the Tagoras will cost. But the cheapest, the 2.2 litre GL, must be a little more than the most expensive Solara, which puts it around £6,500. My guess is that the top Tagora, the 2.7 litre V6-engined SX with trip computer, electric windows, power steering and ultra-low-profile tyres on alloy wheels will be over £9,000. So will the 2.3 litre turbocharged diesel Tagora, due to arrive here later this year.

Tagora made a rather muted debut at the Paris show last October but Talbot chose tough terrain when they invited the world's Press to try it out. A few weeks ago I drove a trio of Tagoras from Ouarzazate, in southern Morocco, to Marrakech and back. The roads ranged from tarmac strip on the shimmering plains to well engineered passes on which hairpin bends abounded.

Within a few minutes of driving north from Ouarzazate it was clear that Talbot had met two of the essential requirements of the high mileage business motorist with the Tagora. It is quiet and extremely comfortable. The third essential is total reliability and this only time can confirm.

The first car I drove was the 2.2 GL with four-speed gearbox and the optional extra, power-assisted steering. There was significant engine noise only if I took it up to silly speeds in the gears; wind roar and tyre rumble were almost totally absent. Even at an indicated 100 mph on a coarsely textured road surface I could still enjoy the stereo.

The all-independent suspension gives an excellent ride. It is as shock absorbent as I expect of a French car, but resists roll so well that it could be hustled through corners most satisfyingly. Morocco's roads give the suspension and tyres a lot of work. To overtake, or to make way for an approaching truck, I had to put two wheels off the ragged edge of the tarmac and onto the gravel shoulder. At speeds of 70 mph and



There are three versions of the quiet, comfortable and spacious Talbot Tagora.

more the Tagora coped with a 3 or 4 inch drop from the tarmac without so much as a twitch on the steering.

It has a good driving position, though the steering wheel could be smaller. For the front passenger the fascia seems curiously low at first, but this accentuates the spaciousness of the interior. The Tagora is a proper five-seater, with ample rear leg room and a huge boot.

Before climbing the 7,000 foot Tichka Pass I changed from the petrol 2.2 litre to the 2.3 turbocharged diesel, with power steering and five-speed gearbox. It is an exceptionally quiet diesel; as quiet as the Cadillac V8 diesel I enthused about last month. At anything over 10 to 15 mph I was simply unaware that it was a diesel, not a petrol, engine under the bonnet. On the winding climb over the mountains it pulled so hard and so smoothly over a wide speed range that I had to keep looking at the gear lever to remind myself which gear I was in—third, fourth or fifth.

The diesel engine will cut fuel consumption by at least 20 per cent compared with the 2.2 litre petrol engine—well over 30 mpg in average use can be expected. Top speed is less than that of the 2.2 litre petrol model, which will reach around 107 mph, but the diesel's 100 mph maximum was certainly enough for me.

Having lunched in Marrakech, I turned towards Ouarzazate again, changing from the turbo diesel to the 2.7 litre V6 engined SX. This engine is the same as that used by Peugeot in the 604, Volvo in the 260 and Renault in the R30. I would exaggerate if I said that the SX disappointed. It did not, but it impressed me less than the 2.2 GL and 2.3 turbo diesel simply because I expect the flagship of any range to be significantly

better than the others. Perhaps it was because of the higher performance potential that I noticed a little gear whine in the SX when cruising at 100 mph plus in fifth. I could not check Talbot's claimed 115 mph maximum but it seems reasonable enough. The velour upholstery was most luxurious; the trip computer useful (it gives an instant fuel consumption read out—flogging through the mountains it was around 18 mpg); and the all-disc brakes coped nobly with a hurried descent to the plain.

Next day I drove south from Ouarzazate to Zagora—only 52 days by camel to Timbuktu, the much photographed sign in the town square says—in another new Talbot, the Murena. This mid-engined, two-and-a-half seater (the middle one is habitable only if you are on very friendly terms with driver and passenger) comes with a choice of two engines. One is the 2.2 litre as used in the Tagora, the other a 1.6 litre like that powering the Solara saloon. The Murena's body panels are of glass fibre reinforced plastics, mounted on a massive steel box structure completely galvanized for rust protection. It looks as though it would last for ever.

The Murena is the kind of car you put on like a favourite suit and it was most entertaining to drive on the sinuous road to the south. Whether it will come to Britain is uncertain. A few Matra-Simca Bagheeras, which the Murena replaces, were sold here. If it does reach Britain it could appeal to drivers who would like, but cannot afford, the Renault 5 Turbo. The Murena does not have quite the same urge as that ultimate fun machine, but it is a joyful car to drive, with sharp, quick handling and seemingly unlimited roadholding.

Devonshire diversions

by Andrew Moncur

Cold East Cross, on the bare back of Dartmoor, is an aptly named meeting place for ponies, stray cattle and holidaymakers who wish to walk on the moor without finding themselves in the mire. This spirit of prudent adventure has put the windy crossroads on the tourist map. It is one of the starting points for the range of guided walks organized by Dartmoor National Park for the benefit of those visitors who want neither to sit tight in their cars nor to embark on lone route marches across unknown and at times marshy terrain.

The holidaymaker chooses the area he wishes to see and the nature and duration of the walk he would like to take. Then it is simply a matter of turning up at the correct time to meet the guide. For the weekender there could hardly be a better introduction to an area which remains ruggedly individual.

The visitor to Devon soon has to make a choice between tourist centres, where you can expect to rub shoulders with Uncle Tom Cobley and all, and areas of surpassing tranquillity in open countryside where you can almost hear the cows converting grass into cream.

After a brief call at Widecombe-in-the-Moor, where commemoration of Tom Cobley and friends constitutes the major industry, the countryside seems even more appealing. The celebrated village thrives on tourism. Its shops sell country crafts; ice cream cones with clotted cream; and jugs, mugs, tiles, ash trays, plates and plaques featuring Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk and Tom Cobley—both with and without the old grey mare. The parish church of St Pancras, known as the cathedral of the moor, is a handsome building with some interesting inscriptions recording the Sunday in October, 1638, when the tower was struck by lightning, killing a number of people in the congregation.

"Us be closed" said the notice in one gift-shop window. Us were soon off for a breath of fresh air at windy Cold East Cross where, sure enough, the guide was waiting to lead the way through furze and heather towards a distant tor.

It all seemed a long way from the packed people and crowded vegetables of Newton Abbot's Saturday morning market, where we sampled another taste of Devon: cream. We bought it in the market hall where the stalls are laden with fat vegetables, flowers in buckets, yellow rolls of butter in wax paper, cooking apples and pickling onions, honey, fudge and thick slabs of creamy cheese. Cream still sweetens life in Devon although today it seems to be made less by the farmer's wife and more by the big dairy. It still tastes delicious.

So, no doubt, does the honey which scents the air around Buckfast Abbey,

the resurrected Benedictine church and monastery whose bee-keeping and breeding have gained it an international reputation. The original abbey was suppressed in 1539 and left to sink into utter ruin. Monks returned to the site in 1882 and started to rebuild on the original foundations in 1907. Their new abbey was consecrated in 1932. It is open to visitors and has a shop selling, among other things, Buckfast Abbey tonic wine.

After a day of walking and touring there is no better tonic than a relaxing evening in a quiet country house. If it happens to be a house with a first-class table, so much the better. We spent our first night at the Teignworthy Hotel, a beautifully positioned house overlooking a wooded river valley and the unfolding moor at Frenchbeer, near Chagford. The house was built in 1928 by a retired colonial civil servant who toured the area on horseback in search of the ideal site. He found it. The house is now owned by John and Gillian Newell, who have converted it into a seven-bedroomed country house hotel without losing its cucumber-cool family home atmosphere. They have also established a reputation for serving particularly good food. The standard price for dinner, bed and breakfast is £25 per person; no children under 14 are entertained. The hotel is ideally placed for walking on Dartmoor or for trout fishing in nearby Fernworthy Reservoir.

Next day we walked again and later we visited a curiously eccentric and romantic pile, Castle Drogo at Drewsteignton, near Moretonhampstead. Here, on a granite outcrop overlooking the Chagford Vale and the river Teign, stands an imposing and impressive granite castle built between 1911 and 1930 by Sir Edwin Lutyens for Julius Drew, founder of the Home and Colonial Stores. Now in the hands of the National Trust the house is fascinating and its gardens are beautiful.

That night we stayed in the pleasant city of Exeter, dominated by its 12th-century cathedral. The Buckerell Lodge Hotel, in Topsham Road, is a comfortable establishment, placed well away from the city centre, which was once a fine private house in an elegant garden. Bed and breakfast (in a room with a bath) costs £31 for two. The hotel, part of the Crest Hotels group, also offers attractive prices for weekend breaks. It is an ideal jumping-off point for visitors setting out to tour Devon. And, sadly, it is also a convenient point at which to end a weekend away.

Teignworthy Hotel, Frenchbeer, Chagford, Devon TQ13 8EX (tel: 064 73 3355).

Buckerell Lodge Hotel, Topsham Road, Exeter, Devon EX2 4SQ (tel: 0392 52451).

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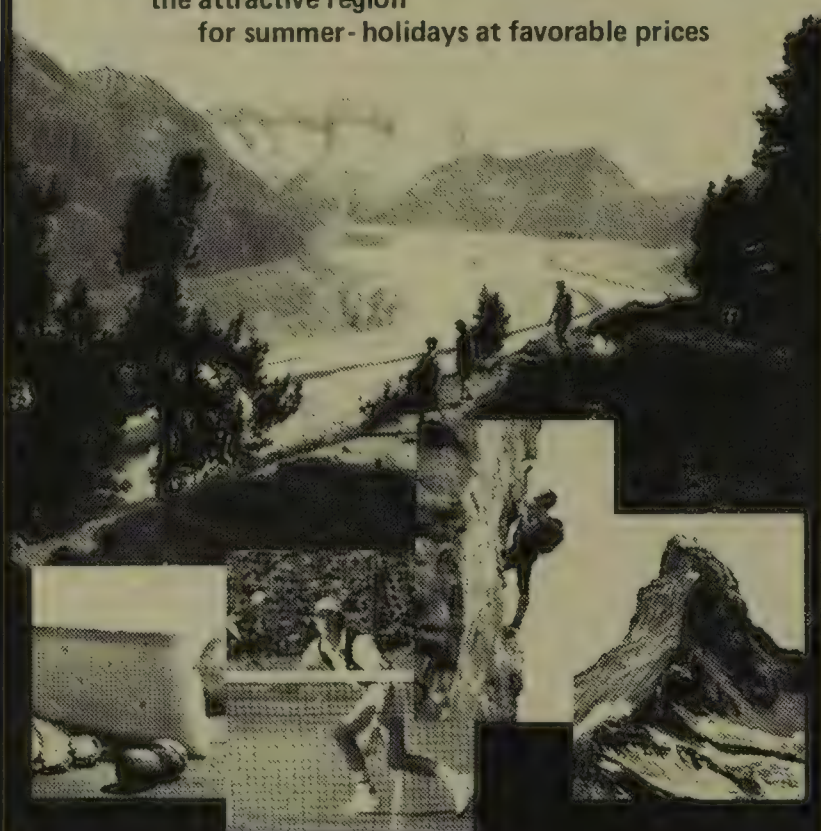
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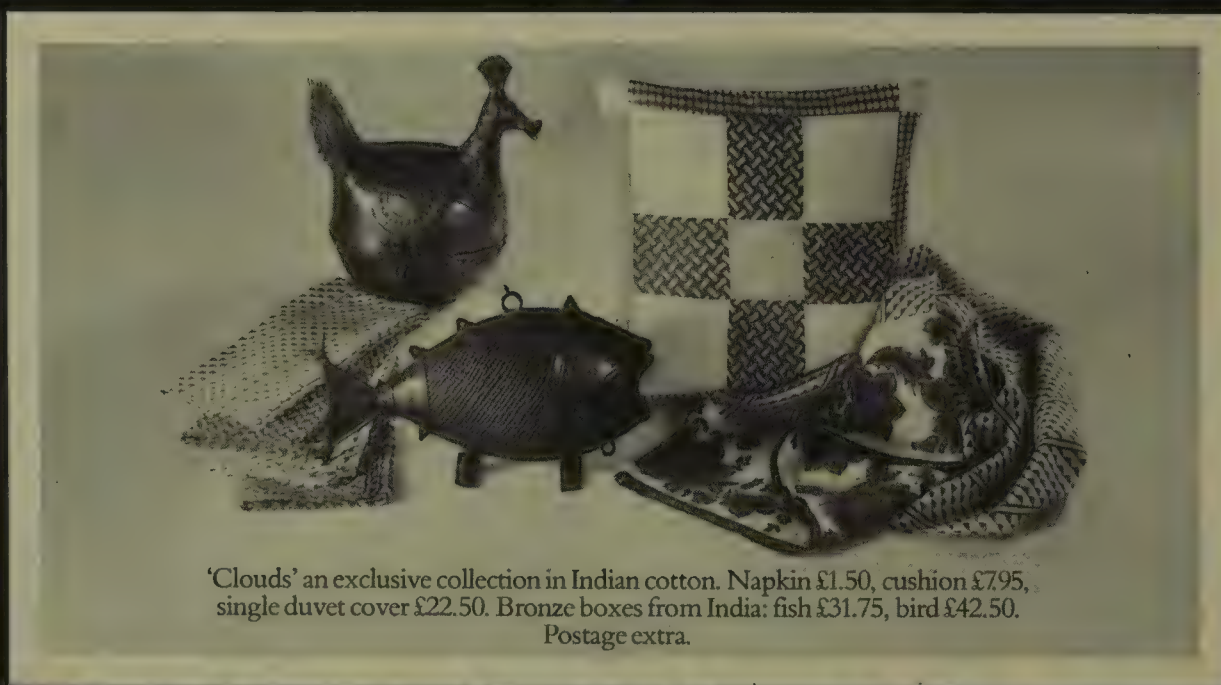
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Stockholm revisited

by David Tennant

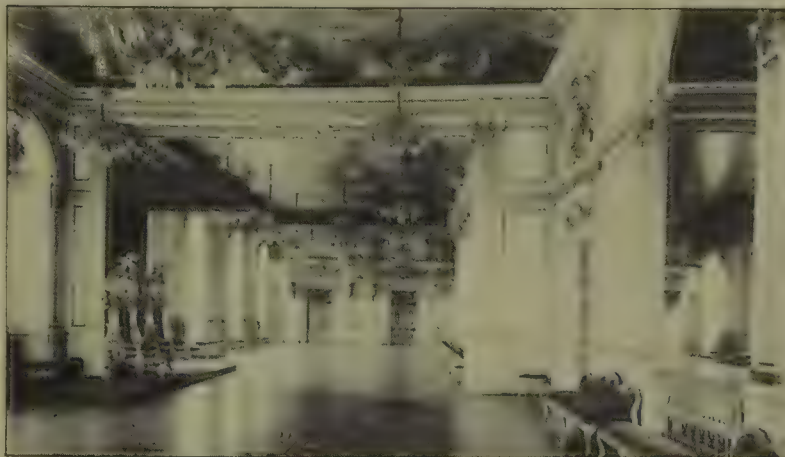
If Venice is said to have been married to the sea, Stockholm during its long history (it was founded in the 13th century) can be said to have had a continuous affair with that element. You are never far from water, for the city is built on 14 islands, just a fraction of the vast archipelago stretching in from the Baltic. Ships' masts at the ends of streets, bustling ferries, large and small, cargo vessels, an occasional cruise liner, a succession of bridges, cobbled quayside walks and the tangy smell of salt water are all part of Stockholm.

But it is also a city of trees, gardens and surprisingly large parks. Its architecture is elegant if at times ponderous. Less sparkling than Copenhagen but more cosmopolitan than Oslo, Stockholm is among the world's most opulent cities, though the recession is being felt even in Sweden. Spotlessly clean (apart from some amazing graffiti) and highly efficient, Stockholm is also remarkable for its friendly and helpful citizens—once you break through their correct formality.

The Old Town is dominated by the massive Royal Palace into whose courtyards anyone can wander. Parts of the interior are also open to the public and the Palace has its own rather relaxed version of the Changing of the Guard. Close by is Stockholm Cathedral, the mother church of Sweden, an impressive structure whose prize possession is a magnificent statue of St George slaying the dragon, commemorating the defeat of the Danes by the Swedes in 1461.

The centre of the Old Town is a maze of narrow, cobbled streets, many now closed to traffic and lined with houses of the 16th to 18th centuries. In the Stortorget, the oldest square, is the Stock Exchange which also houses the main office of the Swedish Academy, the institution that awards the Nobel Prize. Near here, too, is the Marten Trotzigs Grand which, in spite of its sonorous name, is a tiny alley-cum-stone staircase linking two streets, one of which is the Vasterlanggaten, a shopping centre for over two centuries. A short walk away over one of the many bridges is the Riddarholm Church built of mellow red brick with a most unusual spire. It is the royal burial church, the resting place of that great monarch of the Thirty Years' War, Gustavus Adolphus.

Although there is much of the more distant past in Stockholm, it is largely a city of the late 19th and more especially the 20th century. Its population has grown from around 120,000 in 1900 to well over 1,250,000 in the greater metropolitan area today. Of its 20th-century architecture none is as famous as the City Hall. Conceived and built by the architect Ragnar Ostberg between



The banqueting hall of Stockholm's 18th-century Royal Palace designed by Tessin.

1911 and 1923, it embodies traditional Swedish styles with a modernity which at first was considered almost revolutionary, yet today seems timeless.

It is a sumptuous structure of golden-coloured bricks and rough-hewn stone, marble and bronze, steel and glass, grand in scale and yet devoid of pomposity. Within are mosaics, mural paintings, tapestries and superb wood carving, and the Golden Hall where the Nobel Prize-giving ceremony is held is one of the outstanding salons. Apart from the civic offices the City Hall is open daily to the public, and you can also ascend by lift two-thirds of the way up the 320 foot tower with its unique lantern, topped with the Three Crowns, the symbol of Sweden.

The other thing which almost every visitor sees is the *Vasa*, the great wooden wall warship built in the early 17th century by order of King Gustav II Adolf, the largest of its kind with a crew of over 130. The ship had accommodation for 300 troops and carried 64 cannon. She was ornately embellished and must have looked quite splendid on August 10, 1628, when she cast off from near the Royal Palace on her maiden voyage. But while still within the harbour she capsized and sank. And there she lay until 1957 when a major salvage effort started which was crowned with success in September, 1961.

Today the vessel is housed in a specially constructed museum hall on the island of Djurgården and restoration work is proceeding. *Vasa* is next door to Skansen, the city's main leisure park and gardens which has an open-air museum and zoo and, in summer, concerts, dancing and various entertainments.

Stockholm has its own Opera House and an opera and ballet season from September to June, concerts throughout the year and a number of night clubs and restaurants with live entertainment. Shopping is excellent though not cheap.

There are, I was told, over 500 restaurants and cafés in the city. For superb sea food in attractive surroundings I recommend Eric's, housed in a converted coastal vessel tied up at the Strandvägen. For a cheaper meal

the bright and cheerful buffet in the Central Station is a good choice; and for character, atmosphere and cuisine, the Fem Sma Hus—five small houses—in the Old Town is hard to beat.

Hotels range from traditional *de luxe* to the homely comforts of family-run *pensions*. I stayed in the modern Hotel Continental opposite the main station—but devoid of any train noises. Well furnished in contemporary Scandinavian style it has its own restaurant, coffee shop and two bars. A single room with breakfast costs between £25 and £30 per night, a double £35 to £45.

In summer and early autumn Stockholm is an ideal city for excursions by road, rail and ferry. The archipelago with its 24,000 islands, the Royal Palace at Drottningholm with summer opera performances in the Court Theatre, Sigtuna, the nation's first capital, a small town on Lake Malaren, and Uppsala, the seat of Scandinavia's oldest university, founded in 1477, are all within easy reach.

There are daily flights between London and Stockholm by Scandinavian Airlines (SAS) and British Airways; the special excursion ticket currently costs £152 return. I travelled out on one of Tor Line's large car ferries from Felixstowe to Gothenburg, thence by train to Stockholm. The ferries—there are two on the 23-hour crossing—are more like luxury cruise liners, for they have a restaurant, cafeteria, numerous lounges and bars, a duty-free shopping complex, two cinemas, a sauna and comfortable cabins, many with private shower and lavatory. The single fare costs between £40 and £76 according to cabin; cars are at a flat rate of £20 and are carried free if four fare-paying passengers go with them. Children under 16 and senior citizens get substantially reduced rates.

Sweden is not Europe's cheapest country, but the visitor is sure of quality, service and a genuine welcome.

Swedish National Tourist Office, 5 Cork Street, London W1X 1HA (tel: 01-437 5816).

Tor Line, 34 Pantons Street, London SW1Y 4DY (tel: 01-930 0881).

The Royal Wedding

The Illustrated London News will be publishing a special number to celebrate the wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer this summer. The issue will include a portfolio of portraits of the couple and of members of the royal family, as well as many other illustrations, and there will be special articles by Sir Arthur Bryant, Robert Lacey and Margaret Laing, an illustrated history of previous royal weddings and an advance look at arrangements for July 29. This special issue will go on sale during the third week of June, and will cost £2.50.

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TRAVEL

Riviera simplicity

by Stuart Birch

If Robinson Crusoe had been able to ride a bicycle he would have felt quite at home on the Ile de Porquerolles off the Côte d'Azur. It is not uninhabited but you need only round a corner of one of its criss-cross of dusty tracks to find yourself alone with just the sigh of the sea breeze and the chatter of the birds for company. Porquerolles is an island of escape from the dedicated determination of everyone on the French Riviera to enjoy themselves. On the island you do not need to work at enjoyment: it is there the moment you step off the ferry from la Tour Fondue a few minutes' drive from the Riviera Beach Club, 15 miles east of Toulon, where we were to spend our holiday.

On Porquerolles you rent a bicycle, pop a bottle of wine and some bread and cheese into a basket and pedal away to shady glades or quiet beaches with the smell of eucalyptus and myrtle in your nostrils. The island has a small port, packed with yachts, fishing boats and cabin cruisers, a few shops and some excellent restaurants. Prices are fairly high but the atmosphere of the island is nothing less than marvellous.

The island was an unexpected bonus for my wife and me and our 11-year-old daughter during a week in the south of France. We took a Swans motoring holiday to the Riviera Beach Club, which is a sort of up-market holiday camp that seemed to offer just about everything for a complete holiday.

The Swans deal includes the cost of the cross-Channel Sealink ferry for car and passengers and AA breakdown insurance, as well as accommodation at the resort. For transport we used a Citroën CX 2500 diesel, mainly because the cost of diesel fuel in France is only 2Fr70 per litre compared with 3Fr72 for super grade petrol. The Citroën underlined that saving by averaging 37 mpg while cruising smoothly, quietly and quickly.

The Sealink sailing from Dover was delayed by 30 minutes for refuelling, which was a slightly frustrating start to the trip, but at Calais we were off-loaded quickly and efficiently. We decided to stop for the night south of Paris and chose the Hotel de la Poste in Auxerre. Cost of the hotel, including a light dinner, was under 250Fr—excellent value.

From Auxerre to the Riviera Beach Club took 7 hours 45 minutes including stops. The Club, easy to find thanks to precise instructions from Swans, is on the eastern side of a narrow cape south of Hyères, set well back from the road, and its chalets are among pinewoods adjacent to the beach. We parked the car under cover, collected our key and loaded a trolley with our baggage.

Established for about 30 years, the Club has recently been completely redeveloped. Its bungalows and chalets are

pleasant and modern though basically furnished, with no fridge, carpets or telephone. The front door opens into a double bedroom which is separated from a children's bedroom, equipped with bunks for two, by a wall and curtain. Beyond are the lavatory, shower and washbasin. There was very little lighting in the children's bedroom—my daughter read in bed with the aid of a torch—and showers are taken in twilight. The lavatory flush was operated by a push-button which had a healthy appetite for fingernails.

The Riviera Beach Club had two big drawbacks. One, ironically, was the beach which had a mass of seaweed along the waterline, spoiling for us any enjoyable swimming. The Club's manager said this was regularly removed but due to the effect of wind and tide equally regularly built up again. The other problem was that our chalet was close to the disco. After our long journey we decided on an early night, but because of the din sleep was impossible before midnight. And that happened on several subsequent nights.

But there were many advantages at the Club, which is geared for a wide range of activities including sailing, tennis, windsurfing, archery and volleyball. There are plenty of games for the kids, too, and the staff were always more than helpful. The food was outstandingly good—ample and of a high quality—and second helpings were available. It could be eaten in the restaurant or on a covered terrace, and there is a free half bottle of wine each with dinner. If St Tropez remains a lure, the round trip is about 85 miles using a mountain road one way and the coast road the other.

Holidays at the Riviera Beach Club can be for either one or two weeks. For family and professional reasons we chose the former, which does not offer particularly good value taking into consideration the time and cost of getting there and back. In addition to the basic charges we spent more than £250, which included two nights' accommodation, food *en route* and midday meals while there, fuel and £40 on road tolls. You could omit the overnight stops, especially if there are two drivers, but it is around 800 miles from the Channel to the Côte d'Azur and I would not recommend it.

The cost of a week at the Club ranges from £115 to £218 according to the date of departure, two weeks £180 to £342. Children go free on the May 16 departure and get 50 per cent off in June, September and October. In the two peak months of July and August they are charged full rate. These prices are for half board.

French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London, W1V 0AL (tel: 01-493 6594). Swans Holidays, 329 Putney Bridge Road, London SW15 2PL (tel: 01-789 5261).

A whiff of garlic

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

One rarely sees alliums flowering in private gardens yet they are lovely plants belonging to the family Liliaceae. Perhaps people think that all alliums need the careful cultivation required by onions, *Allium cepa*, and leeks, *A.porrum*, to swell their roots, or perhaps they think they will smell of garlic, *A.sativum*. There is no need to worry; alliums are easy to grow, needing only a fairly rich, well drained soil and a sunny position and if some of them do emit a faint whiff this is usually because the leaves have been bruised or because it is a very hot day.

We accept chives, *A.schoenoprasum*, as a pretty edging in herb gardens and they have already invaded the flower beds in my garden where neat clumps of thrift-like foliage and soft pink flowers 6 inches high combine decoration with utility. *A.sibiricum*, giant chives, is a very pleasant plant.

In northern Italy last spring I was struck by the charms of a fresh-looking white allium, *A.triquetrum*, up to 1 foot high, with triangular stems and umbels of white pendant bells, each pencilled down the sides with a green line. They thrived around the olive groves, often set off by the marbled leaves of *Arum italicum pictum*, and might be excellent for naturalizing in light woodland to follow daffodils. Another attractive species was *A.roseum*, 6 inches, whose flowers are small pink cups held upright on fragile pedicels rising from bunches of comic little pink-washed bulbils, onions of doll's-house size, each capable of starting a new plant. In ideal conditions either of these could ramp.

The first allium to flower in my garden is May-flowering *A.karataviense*, which has only two very broad leaves, like those of the wild British orchid, the twayblade, and a round head of lilac-flushed white flowers 3½ inches across on a short stem. It is curious rather than beautiful. Then comes *A.aflatanense* from northern Persia, one of the tall varieties. Stems 2½-3 feet high carry globes of bright pink florets that open in succession to give a long flowering period. The strap-like leaves are bluish green. By the end of May one of the prettiest alliums appears: *A.oreophilum* (*owstrowskianum*), 6-8 inches, with small, dark rose cups held above dark green leaves.

In early June we find the clear lemon yellow flowers of *A.moly* or golden garlic with wide, glaucous leaves, a plant that I cannot help associating with Moley of *The Wind in the Willows*. It is a historic plant which comes from southern Europe and has long been cultivated in Britain. The individual flowers were described by Parkinson in 1629 as "laid open like a starre with a greenish back". All alliums were molies to the Elizabethans and were credited with

magic powers. Many believe they have curative properties and garlic pills are sold today. It was said to have been a moly, eaten just in time, which saved Odysseus from being turned into a hog by Circe with the rest of the Argonauts.

By mid June there will be many alliums in flower. One of their attractions is that there are blues as well as pinks and yellows in their colour range. One of the best blues is *A.caeruleum*, from Siberia, with small cornflower blue globes on slender stems up to 2 feet high. *A.caesium* is shorter with flowers of paler blue, nearer to turquoise. I have only seen it in the Alpine house at Kew so it may be difficult to obtain.

The two showiest alliums flower at midsummer and it would be difficult to say which is the more striking and worthy of a permanent position. *A.albopilosum* (*christophii*), 18 inches, produces an enormous circular head of bloom 7 inches through with lilac pink florets, each one a perfect star 1½ inches across formed of six narrow petals of a curious, silvery metallic appearance. The whole flower head seems to be a giant dandelion clock created by a jeweller, or even a mysterious piece of electronic equipment designed to intercept the music of the spheres.

Allium sicutum is described as 2-4 feet tall but I have seen it much taller, making a strong vertical feature at the back of a foliage border. The shiny buds point upwards like the nose cones of rockets, then turn and open into hanging bells, dark red backed with green, and then, as the flowers fade and the seeds ripen, the flower stems lift up again and the clustered seed capsules become even more rocket-like.

A.cernuum is a graceful, late-June flowering species with nodding pink flowers and a tendency to seed itself freely. *A.pulchellum*, 1-2 feet with bright reddish violet flowers, appears later still in July or August, at the same time as *A.flavum*, 12 inches and bright yellow. This by no means exhausts the possibilities of alliums of which there are some 280 species in the Northern Hemisphere. The best colours can be obtained from bulb growers who have specialized in selected forms which make the wild forms look pallid. Broadleigh Gardens, Barr House, Bishops Hull, Taunton, Somerset TA4 1AE has a very good selection.

Gardeners may like to be reminded of the fabled affinity between the onion family and roses. They are said to help each other and look lovely together. In Bulgaria garlic is interplanted with roses grown by the acre for attar of roses.

At Sissinghurst *A.christophii* has spread its large heads among such old roses as pink damask Ville de Bruxelles, red hybrid perpetual Ulrich Brunner and dark madder Bourbon rose Prince Charles. This can sometimes be obtained from David Austen, Albrighton, Wolverhampton WV7 3HB

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Happy returns

by Ursula Robertshaw

Robert Helpmann's dance drama *Hamlet* returned to the Covent Garden repertory at the beginning of April, having last been performed at the Opera House in 1964. This is at once an encapsulation and an interpretation of Shakespeare's play danced to Tchaikovsky's hectic Fantasy Overture. All the main elements of the plot are there—the ghost, the poisoning in the orchard, the nunnery scene, the stabbing of Polonius, the fracas at Ophelia's burial, the deadly fight at the end—but these are presented as seen in the dying Hamlet's fevered imagination, blurred, confused and heightened.

Thus the gravedigger in Hamlet's memory merges with Yorick, the loved jester of his youth, and this figure, playing a macabre game of ball with the skull, offers it to Hamlet as a symbol of the death he both pursues and flees. Similarly, Hamlet's beloved, Ophelia, interchanges in his mind with his mother Gertrude—the theme of incest which many have seen latent in the play is several times made evident in the ballet.

Helpmann made the ballet in 1942 with himself in mind for the central role. This was taken in revival by Anthony Dowell, wild-eyed and surely mad a little more than north-north-west, but commanding of presence and beautiful in movement. Technically the ballet is not demanding, for it relies mainly on acting and mime with more heroic gesture than classical dance to convey its impact; but Dowell made the most of the passages where his technique was called for and elsewhere was fully as effective as his redoubtable predecessor.

Ophelia was beautifully taken by Antoinette Sibley, enthusiastically welcomed back for this performance—and we hope for other occasional appearances—after an absence of several years and exhibiting still the lightness and fluidity for which we remember her. She gave the role considerable warmth, the playful *pas de deux* with her brother Laertes (Michael Batchelor) contrasting well with the affectionate dance with Hamlet before his rejection of her at her presumed duplicity. Her mimed mad scene was less successful, mainly because here one is constantly hoping for some dancing to express the character's alienation, and this never arrives.

The revival gave us another opportunity to see one of the most successful ballet sets of all time: Lesley Hurry's menacing conception of echoing halls, corridors and staircases, all haunted by lurking figures and ensanguined daggers. It is almost hysterically histrionic and could easily have overshadowed a work of less dramatic impact. But Helpmann is just the man to produce a *coup de théâtre* when needed and from the scalp-prickling opening

moments, when we see Hamlet's green-spotlit face, upside down, hanging seemingly in space, to the close when the Prince's body, shoulder-borne, re-assumes its opening position, the work is continuously powerful. It is welcome back as more than a period piece.

Hamlet was shown as part of a four-ballet programme. *Les Sylphides* should have had new settings by John Hubbard. These were not finished in time so we had the usual Benois gothic ruins and performances led by Jennifer Penney and Lesley Collier, in fine form, and Wayne Eagling who does not show at his best in delicately romantic works such as this. We should also have seen the *pas de deux* from *Sylvia* but at the last moment Sir Frederick Ashton decided he did not want it presented out of context. (Does this mean he would like it presented in context? *Sylvia* in its entirety? I do hope so.) Instead we were given Ashton's *Voices of Spring*, danced to Johann Strauss's waltzes of that name by Merle Park and Wayne Eagling. This light, slight trifle, created for the Royal Opera's 1977 production of *Die Fledermaus* and performed by the Royal Ballet for the first time, just about stands on its own as a filler in an emergency, rather like a *Sacher torte* taken out of the freezer for an unexpected guest. Even so, it is oversweet, a fault emphasized by the unappealing costumes which look as if they had lain some time in the wardrobe room, rejected from several other productions.

The evening ended with MacMillan's great *Gloria*, superbly danced by the original cast—Penney, Eagling, Julian Hosking, Wendy Ellis. This is one of the two best works MacMillan has ever done (the other is *Song of the Earth*). A passionate protest at the waste and anguish of war, a requiem for the dead and an affirmation of life persisting, it sets up an almost unbearable tension between its own exquisite and subtle movements and the soaring ecstasies of Poulenc's wonderful *Gloria* in G major which accompanies it. It catches the heart and haunts the memory.

The Royal Ballet's golden jubilee is celebrated by the publication of a sumptuous volume, *The Royal Ballet. The First 50 Years* (Sotheby Parke Bernet, £17.95), by the eminent critic Alexander Bland. This is fascinating reading, with its records of the failures as well as the successes of the past and its reminders of ballets we once loved and which are no longer seen. It is also a comprehensive work of reference which relates in detail the history of the now world famous company that has grown from such small beginnings 50 years ago. There are tables at the end giving statistics such as castings and numbers of performances of particular ballets, and lists of dancers, including guest artists, choreographers and itineraries. This is a book no dance lover will want to be without.

Rich and rare

by Margaret Davies

The coincidence of the Camden Festival and visits to the capital of Welsh National Opera and Musica nel Chiostro gave Londoners the opportunity of hearing a dozen different operas in the space of three weeks and not one of them from the standard repertory.

It began with Musica nel Chiostro's new realization of Jacopo Peri's *Euridice*, which was composed in 1600 for the marriage of Henri de Navarre and Marie de Medici and is the earliest surviving opera. For its production at Riverside Studios the composer Stephen Oliver made a new translation of Rinuccini's libretto, discarded Peri's bass line and wrote a new accompaniment to his vocal line scored for a small band similar in composition to that used by Stravinsky for *The Soldier's Tale*. The result, entirely modern in idiom, did not blur the clarity of the vocal line but neither was it always sufficiently supportive to the singers, though there were sensitive performances from Kate Flowers as Daphne, Susan Moore as Euridice and Robert Dean as Orpheus.

The whole cast responded adventurously to the demands of Graham Vick's in-the-round production which filled the acting area with a circular pool, on, above and in which the story unfolded. The gracious, stylized movements of the singers as they crossed the wooden walkways spanning the pool was surprisingly effective in capturing the untroubled atmosphere of Arcadia. At moments of stress they plunged into the water. Written for a joyful occasion, the work was given a happy ending which provided an enchanting finale with dozens of small celebratory lights floating across the water. The conductor, Nicholas Kraemer, perched with his musicians on a gallery, controlled his forces firmly.

Welsh National Opera opened their second Amoco-sponsored season at the Dominion Theatre with the latest addition to their Janacek cycle, mounted jointly with Scottish Opera, and followed up with two rarely heard operas that characterize the adventurous spirit of this company. The problems of balance that threatened last year's *Makropoulos Case* in this pit-less theatre had been overcome by the musical director, Richard Armstrong, and a good proportion of the words could be heard through Janacek's intricate tapestry of interwoven motifs depicting coexisting human and animal worlds in *The Cunning Little Vixen*. David Pountney's production recounted the life and death of the Vixen with a zestful lack of sentimentality and Maria Bjørnson's set, concealing the Forester's house and the inn within the animals' domain, contrasted the narrow limits of the one with the broad expanse of the other. Her delightful costumes avoided

dressing people in skins and furs but ingeniously hinted at the characteristics of the different animals: the Vixen wore a 1920s fringed dress and feather boa while her red hair screwed up into bunches suggested a fox's ears, and the hens were depicted as portly charwomen with mops and buckets. Helen Field gave a brilliant portrayal of the Vixen, soundly backed by Arthur Davies as the Fox, Julian Moyle as the Badger, Phillip Joll as the Forester and Nigel Douglas as the Schoolmaster.

The production of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* given on the second night ranks as one of WNO's major achievements to date. Any attempt to stage this long, complex work with its dense symbolism and magical effects must tax the resources of the best-equipped theatre; for this touring production Gilbert Deflo settled for a simple platform set, designed by Carlo Tommasi, which opened to reveal the ground plan of the Dyer's house, and for the transformations he relied upon effects of lighting, on the music itself, eloquently conducted by Richard Armstrong, and on the singers to get across the words of Eric Crozier's clear, new translation.

Norman Bailey touched the heart with the warmth and humanity of his portrayal of Barak and Pauline Tinsley captured the twisted personality of the Dyer's embittered wife with her powerfully projected singing. Anne Evans gave a good account of the Empress and Patricia Payne made a disturbing figure of the Nurse.

The performance of *Rodelinda* on the third evening was notable for the fine balance between stage and pit obtained by the conductor, Julian Smith and for a production by Andrei Serban that gave point to the drama and kept it flowing smoothly. There was firm, stylish singing from Richard Morton and Russell Smythe as Grimoaldo and Garibaldo; Suzanne Murphy was appealing as the ill-used heroine but the flexibility of her singing was sometimes marred by uncertain pitch; Eiddwen Harri was under-employed in the mezzo role of Eudige.

Camden unearthed more enticing rarities this year among them *Crispino e la Comare* by the Ricci brothers, a stinging satire which pokes fun at the medical profession, which was staged by Phoenix Opera. It tells of a penniless cobbler who is granted the power of healing by a mischievous spirit—the Comare—to make fools of a pair of incompetent doctors. The fluent and tuneful score contains a brilliant patter trio for Crispino and the doctors and some taxing *coloratura* for his wife, impeccably executed by Lynda Russell. Crispino was well sung and acted by Gordon Sandison, who joined up with Michael Rippon and Donald Maxwell in a superb performance of the trio. Johanna Peters contributed a macabrely comic portrayal of the Comare.

Flashes and glimmers

by J. C. Trewin

Two lighthouses stand out in my childhood memories. The first, very near, searched the coast with a bright, revolving flash; the second was a spark, a distant point of light that we sought vainly in "coarse" weather or fog. A reasonable analogy, I think, to a life of theatre-going. Some plays flash steadily across the years; usually there is at least one of them in a current season. Others are sparks remembered merely for a single thing, a scene, a performance, a speech. Rarely is a month's record so unremarkable that we may ask how long any of the glimmers will be visible in the future.

I have been contemplating one of the lesser months, though it has had at least two examples of the full, steady flash. Noël Coward's *Present Laughter*, back rightly in the West End at the Vaudeville, has the benefit of a performance in which the cast is clearly enjoying itself and not shrugging off the business as routine. No company, I suspect, could falter with Donald Sinden at its head. He is now the egocentric actor, a part Coward wrote for himself with a mischievous exaggeration of his own life. This is a studio-world in which everyone is expected to act, each day a demand-

ing huddle of histrionics. I have seldom known an actor more gleefully with the part than Donald Sinden, every emotion magnified, every turn of the head a performance; and other players, Dinah Sheridan, Gwen Watford, Julian Fellowes and the rest, join in a delighted game of follow-my-leader. One can tire of Coward; but this play, directed by Alan Strachan, does survive as an experience amusing, durable and highly professional. The light is undimmed.

The month's other main pleasure was a performance, illuminating its play, in Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, a National Theatre production now at the Comedy. I have reviewed this before, but not the acting of Lynn Farleigh, new to the cast as the farmer's wife, a victim of the fearful Massachusetts witch-hunt of 1692. Miss Farleigh, beyond most of our practising actresses, can indicate tragedy in stillness. She need not speak; in poise alone she communicates acute suffering; a gift used powerfully now in the best revival of Miller's scorching piece we are likely to meet.

From a period that has returned *Richard II* to us so often and so strongly, I shall probably recall the Young Vic production for one thing alone: the beauty of Robert Eddison's voice in the apostrophe to England. Robin Lefèvre, the director, saw John of

Gaunt as a veteran diplomatist in a version of the chronicle post-dated to 1917, a self-consciously political-conspiratorial affair from which most of the music had waned, though Nickolas Grace, the King, did try hard to preserve it. But nothing had waned from Eddison's voice. It was a deep pleasure to listen to so famous a speech renewed and refreshed, delivered without any of the standard decorations; a performance that one day should still be a kindly point of light in the encircling gloom.

A vocal lapse troubled me in Brian Friel's play, *Faith Healer*, at the Royal Court. Wrongly, I think, this customarily assured dramatist had endeavoured to tell in four consecutive monologues his tale of an itinerant faith-healer bewildered by intermittent success, a sorely treated wife and their manager, during wanderings across remoter Britain that ended in tragedy. During the second and third monologues Helen Mirren as the wife and Stephen Lewis as the manager developed resources of their own that fortified the author; but the actor of the faith-healer himself, in the important expository first monologue, was frequently inaudible to me in mid-stalls. Later I could not recapture the play. Doubtless the speaker was being appropriately subtle—he was better in the night's fourth and

final speech—but the damage was done and light in the future may be faint.

This may be less so with what is really an inferior piece, *The Golden Age* (Greenwich), by an American, A. R. Gurney junior, which has a plot similar to that of *The Aspern Papers* and a first act that promised well. Alas, at Greenwich, in spite of the care of Constance Cummings as a dominating old lady, and Angela Thorne, the night gradually crumpled until a few last sadly laughable minutes left it beyond recall.

Not much can aid *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* (Drury Lane), a strident American musical sadly burdened by a title that may be intended to attract; *Goose-Pimples* (Hampstead), a play deriving from improvisation, in which Mike Leigh got nowhere near repeating the exact suburban satire of *Abigail's Party*; and *Twisted Cues and Elliptical Balls* (Arts), a faulty attempt by the protean John Judd to bring a music hall technique to a Gilbert and Sullivan programme.

As for Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr Sloane* (Lyric, Hammersmith), I doubt whether this resolutely grubby little piece, however acted—even, as now, by Dave King—and whatever the apologies for it, can linger in the records. For me its feeble glimmer has long been smothered in the mists.

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June

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CINEMA

Gangland tactics

by Michael Billington

Good new British films are rare. Even more unusual is to find one as compulsively entertaining as *The Long Good Friday*, directed by John Mackenzie and written by Barrie Keeffe. It was made by Black Lion Films, an ATV subsidiary, was nervously shelved for some while and has finally been granted cinematic distribution. And as anyone but the desk-wallahs could have predicted it is going like a bomb.

Perhaps the metaphor is unfortunate since the film is about a day-long sequence of bomb explosions that threaten to dissolve the carefully structured empire of a London gangland boss. Played by Bob Hoskins with a strutting, saturnine menace, he is an East End hood about to enter into a deal with the American Mafia over the transformation of London's dockland into a centre for the 1988 Olympics. But on the very day he is entertaining his prospective American partners his best friend is bumped off in a swimming-bath and bombs threaten his casino, his old mum and his favourite pub. The IRA, we discover, is trying to wipe him out; and the film demonstrates his futile belief that old-fashioned gangland tactics can combat political fanaticism.

A lot of credit must go to Keeffe for conveying the hero's blend of Cockney sentimentality and utter ruthlessness. He worries about his mum, moralizes about the disgusting modern world and makes patriotic speeches about Britain's greatness while cruising up and down the Thames whose environs he is prepared to rape. Yet we also see him haranguing rival gangsters strung up in an abattoir like so many hunks of meat. He is a moral monster with a patina of charm, an arch self-deceiver who equates personal greed with communal prosperity. And he is marvellously played by Hoskins as a chirpy, cocky, criminal Alf Garnett trotting around the East End as if he owned it; which indeed he does.

But Mackenzie as director also has the nous to realize that London is a marvellous movie location that largely goes ignored. This is the London of garish casinos behind Georgian façades, of dark-walled restaurants filled with gloomy chic, of floating gin palaces where deals and people are struck. Instead of parking his camera, like many directors, Mackenzie uses it to catch something of the hectic mobility of a troubled hood. He has also assembled around Hoskins a very good cast including Helen Mirren as an educated moll, Eddie Constantine as a dark-suited Mafia tycoon, Dave King as a bent cop. At a time when the British cinema is on its knees, this film (though admittedly violent) shows what a touch of hardheaded intelligence can achieve.

With *The Mirror Crack'd*, the third

glossy translation of Agatha Christie from page to screen, we are in a different world; a cosy, rural never-never land of endless sunshine, amateur sleuthing over the tea cups and murder as a cerebral game. The year is 1953. An American film company has descended on a picture-postcard village to make a film about Mary Queen of Scots (why?) and at a celebratory party up at the manor a guest drops dead while chatting to a visiting star. What has killed her? Is it the deadly banality of Jonathan Hales's dialogue? Could it be an old-fashioned blunt instrument such as Guy Hamilton's direction? Does she know the film is going to be a turkey and simply wants out? Since the suspense is minimal anyway, it would be unfair to say more.

What is particularly disappointing is the film's failure to exploit the movie-within-a-movie framework and the presence of so many star names. Elizabeth Taylor is given most opportunity as a pill-popping celluloid queen; but Kim Novak, Rock Hudson and Tony Curtis are left hanging around on the sidelines looking for some decent dialogue and there is no sense of inter-action between visiting Hollywood vulgarity and English village life. The only people to emerge with much credit are Angela Lansbury, who plays Miss Marple not as a Baker Street Madame Arcati but as a lively spinster with a queuing curiosity, and Edward Fox who makes her detective-nephew a cinéaste clubman. But it remains a funereal film with none of the exoticism of *Murder on the Orient Express* and *Death on the Nile*.

My feelings about *The Great Santini*, written and directed by Lewis John Carlini, are slightly more mixed. This is an extremely watchable movie about a marine corps ace, Bull Meechum, who has great skill as a jet fighter pilot but who at home is a patriarchal monster. "If there's one thing I want to give my children," he says, "it's the gift of fury. Eat life or it'll eat them." So he drills them before breakfast like squaddies, treats a game of backyard basketball with his son as if it were a life-or-death battle and generally behaves like the gung-ho dinosaur that he really is.

Robert Duvall plays this gimlet-eyed, macho anachronism with a splendid spleen and Michael O'Keefe lends his 18-year-old son a decent sensitivity. But having spent so much of its time showing the destructive qualities of a man like Bull Meechum, the film finally turns round and asks us to believe that the world will be a more colourless place without him. But who wants colour when it takes the shape of domestic fascism? Why should we admire a man for whom family life is simply an extension of war by other means? Carlini and Duvall spend a lot of time and energy creating a plausible tyrant. I fail to see why in the last reel we should suddenly be expected to love him.

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Rauschenberg at the Tate

by Edward Lucie-Smith

It will be fascinating to see the reception the Tate's Robert Rauschenberg retrospective, which opens on April 29, receives from English art critics and from the London public. The last time Rauschenberg's work was shown in any quantity in London was at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in 1964, the year he won first prize at the Venice Biennale, and it made a large impact. Pop Art was already all the rage and Rauschenberg was seen as the all-important bridge between the Abstract Expressionists, whose position was by that time assured in the histories of modern art, and a new generation of figurative artists exploring the mythology of mass-culture. The fact that Rauschenberg was simultaneously exploring the classic past by, for example, illustrating Dante's *Inferno*, as well as reflecting the culture of the present gave him a standing with literary intellectuals he might not otherwise have possessed.

In addition Rauschenberg came from the heartlands of the American *avant-garde* establishment which helped to preserve and to extend his reputation as the years went by. In 1948-50 he studied at Black Mountain College and returned to teach there in 1952. As a student he worked under Albers; when he was a teacher he collaborated with John Cage, who was also teaching at the same institution. Distinguished poets, such as Charles Olson and Robert Creeley, were also part of the Black Mountain milieu, one of the most remarkable artistic communities ever to have existed in the United States. From 1955 onwards Rauschenberg worked closely with the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, becoming their technical director in the early 1960s.

Yet more recently, as is also the case with Rauschenberg's one-time close friend and associate Jasper Johns, there have been signs that his admirers were starting to have doubts. Anyone familiar with the nuances of art-politics will have found significance in the fact that Johns and Rauschenberg were both omitted from the pantheon of Painting: A New Spirit, the exhibition recently held at the Royal Academy.

The Tate retrospective, which contains 77 works, gives a good idea of the range of Rauschenberg's activities in the years from 1949 until the present day. The earliest pictures show that he began as a kind of Zen-influenced minimalist. An all white painting, one of a series on which the visitor was supposed to see his own shadow reflected, is the exact equivalent in the visual arts of Cage's piano piece in three movements, where not a note was played.

The "combine" paintings which followed are still Rauschenberg's best known productions. They carry the Cubist and Dadaist device of collage to



Top, *Hog Heaven*, 1978, mixed media "combine", 84 by 133½ by 92 inches. Above, *Crocus*, 1962, oil on canvas, 60 by 36 inches.

its logical conclusion. One of the most familiar of these is *Bed* of 1955—bedding fastened to the wall, but still keeping its expected arrangement, and afterwards smeared with paint. Another famous "combine" is *Monogram*, not present here, whose most conspicuous feature is a stuffed goat with a car-tyre round its middle. In modern art terms *Monogram* has now become almost as much of a totem as Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase*.

Like many totems, it is ambiguous. Take the simple matter of the tyre which, like the parachute, is an image which appears frequently in Rauschenberg's work. The introduction to the Tate Gallery catalogue has this to say: "The use of the tyre may remind one of the phrase used to describe a person who has grown fat—he has a spare tyre round his middle—but the tyre appears also in a work, *First Landing Jump*, where it is in effect a landing wheel." Robert Hughes, in his recent television series *The Shock of the New*, and in the book that grew out of it, interpreted the

imagery rather differently: "If one asks why it has lasted, why *Monogram* became Rauschenberg's best-known work . . . the answer is probably sexual. Goats are the oldest metaphors of priapic energy. This one, with its paint-smutched, thrusting head and its body stuck halfway through the encircling tyre, is one of the few great icons of male homosexual love in modern culture: the satyr in the sphincter."

Since those days combined objects and paintings, such as the recent *Hog Heaven* of 1978, have continued to make up a large part of Rauschenberg's production. As their number has increased, the impact of each individual one has arguably diminished. Each seeks to enmesh the spectator in a web of associations—some shared by everyone, some intensely private. How many of us knew, until Robert Hughes chose to reveal it, that the artist formed a strong attachment to a pet goat when he was a child, "whose death, at the hands of his father, scarified him emotionally"?

But there have also been other works, often in series, which seek to avoid even this degree of concession to the expectations of the audience. Examples are the *Early Egyptian Series*—cardboard boxes, stacked or otherwise combined, covered with sandy-textured cement; and the *Jammers*—cloth pinned to the wall and supported by sticks or poles in an apparent allusion to sailing ships. Rauschenberg's academic interpreters see in both of these series, and indeed in a great deal of the work produced since the middle 1960s, a fascination with what the Tate catalogue calls "the sensibility of softness"—"there can be no doubt," the introduction tells us, "that the softness is part of a general pacific, humanitarian message".

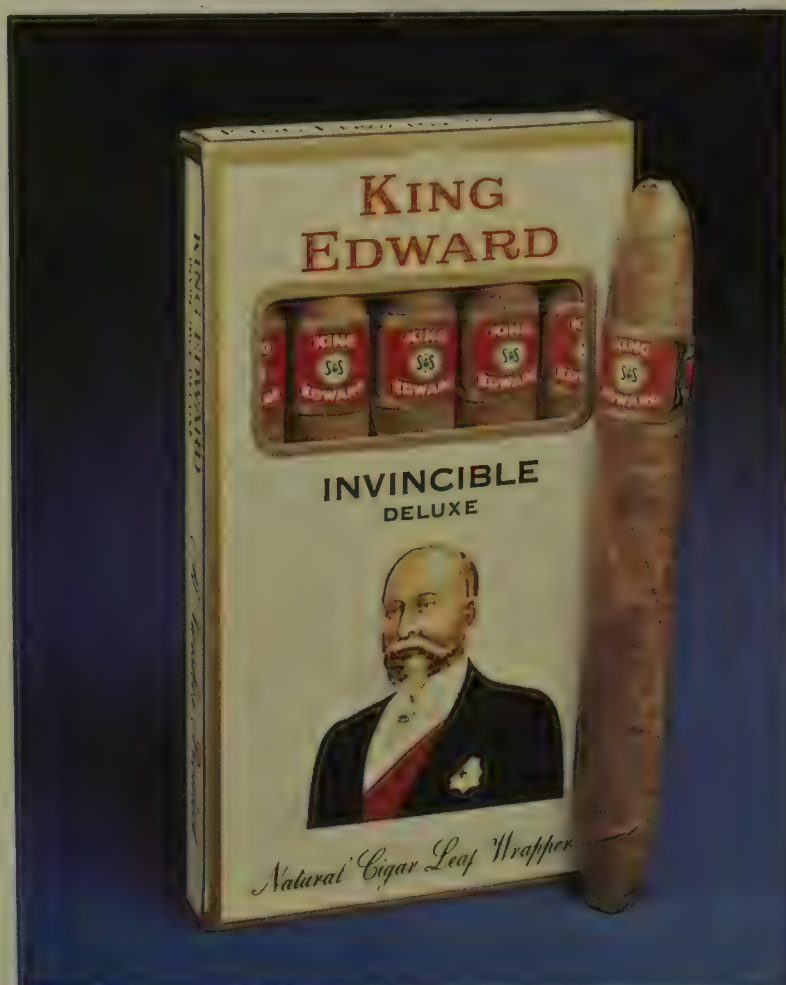
Ambiguity is part of the substance of modern art, as is a fascination with paradoxes, and a sense that the material world is there to be coaxed into a kind of collaboration, not dictatorially forced to do the artist's bidding. But this direct equation of form (or lack of form) with specific political and social content does seem to require a remarkable degree of intuitive penetration from the audience. It also leads one to wonder which interpretations can be regarded as authoritative and which cannot.

Does Rauschenberg's art really communicate so much? And is this what it really communicates?

To me the fascinating thing about the general development of his work, seen in

a perspective of three decades, is its extreme skill in avoiding issues. The blandness of Andy Warhol's silk-screen paintings, his adamant refusal to comment, is something which has often been noted by writers about modern art. The same observation can be made about Rauschenberg, whose use of silk-screen imagery is almost as central to his production taken as a whole. What people have mostly seen in Rauschenberg's adoption of this method is the facility it gave him to combine images in a continuous flux: not merely a collage in the familiar sense, but a collage which was continually in motion, always in the process of transforming itself from one thing to another. The fact that Rauschenberg combined these images with the smeared, painterly surfaces of the Abstract Expressionists seemed to incorporate them in a personal sensibility, a personal view of the world, in a way that Warhol rejected. The painterly thumb-print was the symbol of a willingness to take responsibility. Yet now I begin to wonder whether the impression was false, whether Rauschenberg has not from the beginning been engaged in a game of hide-and-seek, using our own shadows as a way of simultaneously misleading the audience and avoiding any kind of conclusion about what art in fact is ●

Pilgrim, 1960, mixed media "combine", 80 by 54 inches.



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Quality in an age of change.

Treasure from Italy

by Peta Fordham

The vine was established on earth before the emergence of man, so it was reasonable that the early human being considered wine to be the gift of the gods. The gift was first appreciated, as far as we know, in the Middle East and spread along the Mediterranean, the Greeks taking it into southern Italy and the Etruscans, the rather mysterious race who had travelled westwards, introducing it in the north. Italy and the vine took to each other with enthusiasm.

This was at once the glory and the undoing of Italian wine. It could be made everywhere by everyone, and became a wonderful addition to the Italian way of life, a valuable amenity for both native and traveller, involving singularly little work; but, as the world became commercial, carefree abundance proved not to be the best foundation for quality. In the early years of this century Italian wine took a hammering from the activities of dishonest merchants, who exported rubbish under false names (notably "Chianti") and debased the country's reputation in no uncertain manner. This was tragic. The great wines of Italy are among the finest in the world and their lighter wines have always gladdened men's hearts.

The introduction of DOC has, like the comparable AC in France, made an enormous difference to quality and is a continuing process. As with wine from many other sources (but perhaps a little more so here) it is still necessary to know your merchant and, above all, to taste first. With Italian wine, you should really get to know the varying character of some of the main regions, since the charm of good wine lies in its "cleanliness" and its reflection of grape and region. But where should one begin?

Here I recently struck lucky. It has always been my experience that with Italian wine you should turn to the specialist, because here small is indeed beautiful, the finest wine almost always coming from the smaller producers. There are a number of reliable sources in this country but, pondering over the problem some six months ago, I dropped into the tasting of a relatively small firm for which I had wholly insufficient time. Ten minutes left me with the impression that I had never tasted a range of such quality, a reaction so rare that a few days ago I made the trek to Ipswich where, at the premises of Barwell & Jones, I met the wines again. They are stupendously good and not expensive.

Richard Cobbold, who bought them, came upon the first of them by chance. The reason for the wines' excellence is, naturally, the devotion and care with which they are made. I tasted wines from Tuscany, the Marches, Umbria, the Veneto, Lombardy and Piedmont. With one exception (some Valtellina wines) all were from private, dedicated

growers: all were outstandingly beautiful. At the time of writing (Budget Day) only three or four exceeded £2.85 a bottle and even the superb 1974 Barolo was only £4.95.

Surrounded by such treasure, recommendation becomes difficult. Verdicchio, Orvieto, Soave, Valpolicella and the Piedmont wines—Barbera d'Alba, Barbaresco, Barolo and perhaps Nebbiolo are probably already known to those who have discovered some of the pleasures of the country. Less familiar names to try include a Tuscan Vernaccia di San Gimignano, whose flavour "exploded" in my mouth after a deceptively low "nose" and which is a beautiful white which has a reputation for lasting well. Or try a Bianca St Pietro from the Veneto, an unusual wine, individual in taste and crying out for a hot day to show its charm. A non-vintage Chiaretta del Garda Classico from the same region was among the best rosés I have ever tasted, bone-dry and yet with depth, which would have been ideal for outdoor feasts; while a dark, full Amarone, which will just be coming up to its best by next winter, would suit fireside drinking.

The wines from Valtellina, in Piedmont, where the Nebbiolo grape predominates in the Grumello and Inferno, are little known here and deserve attention: both are fine lasters. All of these can be bought in the knowledge that each wine represents the essential nature and character of what each at its best can be. Their disadvantage is that many a restaurateur will rue the day he serves a wine bearing the name of the region to a reader who has clued up on Richard Cobbold's wines. The firm, at Fore Street, Ipswich, will be able to advise on local stockists. There was ample confirmation from others that this was not just personal hyperbole.

In Bordeaux recently there was general agreement that Italy and Spain were the dangerous rivals in the battle for the medium-price market. Rioja has already pointed the way and it looks as though Italian wine is really taking off. There is nothing like a little healthy competition; and already readers may have noticed an up-turn in the quality of "Tuscan" carafes in Italian restaurants—almost certainly surplus Chianti, for the region has been overproducing badly. There is still too much variation in vintages in many cases but DOC is making headway here, too. Altogether Italy looks like providing a bright spot in a rather gloomy economic picture.

Wine of the Month.

This comes from far away. 1978 Vina Linderos Cabernet Sauvignon from Chile is an interesting, good, sound wine which will improve with at least another year in bottle and, like most Chilean wine, is consistent in quality. Six bottles cost £17.50, 12 bottles £30.25 including packing and postage, from Howells of Bristol, 16 Small Street, Bristol ●

City rendezvous

by John Morgan

Wine bars in London attract three classes of people: lawyers, journalists, and romantics, an observation largely based on a quarter of a century's experience of El Vino in Fleet Street. It is a bar which has had, quite properly, trouble with not treating women kindly or, rather, equally.

Before giving serious consideration to two wine bars—Leeks in the City and Shirreff's off Oxford Circus—let us consider what the appeal of a wine bar is. For a start, a wine bar is not a pub. London pubs are noisy, many of them with unwelcome music; wine bars usually have no music. Wine bars appear to be, El Vino excepted, places where women are made welcome. This attracts a certain clientele. The connotation of wine being different from beer, too, attracts a different kind of man and woman. In the idiom, wine bars separate the boys from the men, the girls from the women. Could be, though, they are just nice places to be if the price is right.

Consider Leeks in the City. I was nervous of going there for two reasons. The first was that I had learned it served breakfasts, and one of my deepest prejudices is against people who hold breakfast meetings. If this place is in the City, I thought, then whizz-kids, people like David Frost, will be holding conferences. In my notion of the second circle of hell are people who hold breakfast meetings and those who love Wagner. I would take a bet they are the same people. My second reason was that readers would think this some fresh Welsh plot, that the wine bar was to do with our supposed national vegetable.

The truth is that the place is nothing to do with Wales. The name of the place is due to the owner possessing that surname. Mind you, it is true that the menu has a most elegant drawing of that green vegetable adorning it. Chloe Cheese has decorated it and has much else to do with the paintings in what may be called a wine bar but which is a proper and desirable place to eat. And it is open from 8 am to 8 pm.

I could have had a *crêpe aux fruits de mer* at £2.25 to start—all around were licking their lips at it—but I had the soup at 95p, which was fresh, and pea, and fine. My pal had a rich *salade niçoise* at £1.25. And so we continued, myself with the *gigot*—and, in my vulgar way, asking it well done, had it well done—at £3.90. The *escalope viennoise* at £3.90 was held to be equally fine. The vegetables at 90p a portion are fresh. The cheese is £1.10, and I sampled a wide variety. But apart from all that eating, what persuaded me was that the wine was good. For instance, a Muscadet, Château de la Préville 1979, is £5.70. A '79 Chablis is less than £7 and the Barrique du Patron is £3.50 a bottle.

If you have to choose between lunch at Shirreff's or Leeks I think it will be ambience rather than the price of the wine or the taste of the food that governs your choice. Shirreff's is central and has the charm of a typical small, crowded wine bar. Leeks has a wide, light character with fine paintings of the seasons on the walls. The service is, in both places, perfect. At least, so it seemed to me. My friend, on the other hand, subsequently claimed that at Leeks a waiter trod on her handbag. This complaint raises several points. First, what was her handbag doing on the floor where no one could see it? Second, why did she not mention it at the time? Third, is such a matter to do with a restaurant's service? Could it not be more a matter of customers not flinging handbags around? Had the issue been raised no doubt Leeks would have apologized for the unusual event.

But to take, at Shirreff's, the wine first. The house carafe is £3.50 but I recommend the Deinhard Green Label 1978 at £5.30, a white wine so satisfying in its fullness and warm dryness that it is one of the best about. And, at last, the food. I have been eating there often since I have been broadcasting around the corner at the BBC headquarters, and have eaten many of their omelettes. My favourite was an *omelette mornay* at £1.85, filled with cheese and with a cheese sauce. I confess to enjoying six Colchester oysters at £4.50. The soup is 85p. Nearby there were some people who turned out to be colleagues from the BBC, celebrating some birthday. They were trying the *entrecôte à la maître d'hotel* at £4.65; and much they seemed to fancy it. I saved up for the *crêmes à la jubilee*—the jubilee being vanilla ice and hot cherries. The coffee is 35p, the cover charge the same amount.

Which leaves only a small space to describe what is equally a lunching place, El Vino. The prices are much the same as at the other two wine bars. Here you eat downstairs. The food, mainly cold dishes, is pretty good and the wine is excellent value. Perhaps it is a shade overcrowded but this may be because customers are anxious to have their conversation overheard. What is the virtue of celebrity if its witticisms go unheard? You will see journalists, lawyers and members of Parliament. Eat there, though, knowing that the true importance of El Vino is the quality of the wine and gossip, and that you leave it happier, if less excited, than you find its regular customers, who do not, on the whole, count the price. That price is not high ●

Leeks, 2-4 Russia Row, EC2 (tel: 01-606 2339).

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CHESS

Championship play-off

by John Nunn

The long-awaited play-off match for the 1980 British Championship took place from February 13 to 20 at the RAC in Pall Mall. Bill Hartston and I were due to play six games against each other and if the result were a 3-3 tie I would gain the title on the basis of a tie-break from the original tournament.

Arrangements for the match were good. Stockbrokers Grieveson Grant supplied financial backing, the RAC provided an excellent venue and Michael Stean gave a running commentary.

Although in a short match both players are rather nervous, for one loss can spell defeat in the whole match, the games were on the whole interesting. In game 1 Bill obtained some advantage with one of his favourite openings and I had to defend carefully to equalize. Game 2 was a fluctuating struggle. I mishandled the opening but some middlegame inaccuracies by my opponent allowed me to turn the tables and by move 40 I was winning. Unfortunately a serious error on move 46 threw away much of my advantage and the game petered out to a draw. Game 3 was also drawn but in game 4, given below, I made the decisive breakthrough. Now Bill needed to win games 5 and 6 to take the match but his aggressive play rebounded in game 5 and in a poor position he offered a draw, which would give me the match, so I naturally accepted. With the match decided the final game was of less interest. Bill had a good position but surprisingly offered a draw, making the final score 3½-2½ to me. Here is the decisive game.

J. Nunn W. Hartston
White Black

Sicilian Defence

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1 P-K4 P-QB4 | 2 N-KB3 P-K3 |
| 3 P-Q4 PxP | 4 NxP N-QB3 |
| 5 N-QB3 P-QR3 | 6 B-K2 KN-K2 |
| 7 B-KB4 N-N3 | 8 NxN NPxN |
| 9 B-Q6 BxB | 10 QxB Q-K2 |
| 11 0-0-0 QxQ | 12 RxQ K-K2 |

An alternative plan is 12 ... K-Q1 and 13 ... K-B2 but White should have a small plus after this also.

- | | |
|----------|------|
| 13 KR-Q1 | N-B5 |
| 14 B-B3 | R-R2 |

Not 14 ... N-Q4? 15 PxN KxR 16 PxBPch K-B2 17 PxP B-N2 18 BxB KxB 19 N-K4 followed by N-B5 and P-QN4, but 14 ... R-QN1 may be an improvement.

15 R(6)-Q2

Forced as 15 ... N-Q4 had become a threat.

- | | |
|----|----------|
| 15 | ...P-KN4 |
|----|----------|

An ambitious plan aiming to secure K4 for the knight. 15 ... R-B2 followed by ... P-QB4 and ... B-N2 was more solid.

- | | |
|----------|------|
| 16 P-KN3 | N-N3 |
| 17 B-R5! | |

If now 17 ... N-K4 then 18 P-B4 while White threatens 18 BxN R-PxB 19

P-K5! RxP 20 N-K4 with a strong bind.

- | | |
|----|---------|
| 17 | ...P-Q4 |
|----|---------|

- | | | |
|----|------|------|
| 18 | R-K1 | K-B3 |
|----|------|------|

- | | |
|----|--------|
| 19 | P-B4!? |
|----|--------|

Starting a direct attack on the king.

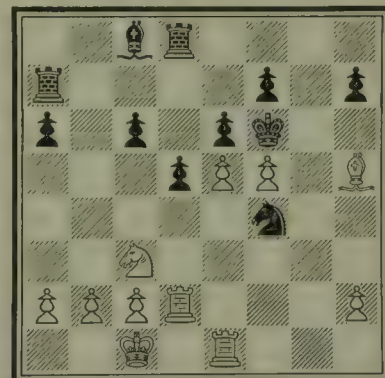
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|----|--------|
| 19 | ...PxP |
|----|--------|

- | | | |
|----|-----|------|
| 20 | PxP | R-Q1 |
|----|-----|------|

20 ... NxP 21 R-B2 K-N4 22 R-N1ch KxB 23 RxN P-K4 24 R-B6 P-Q5 25 N-Q1 followed by N-B2 gives White plenty of compensation for the pawn.

- | | |
|----|------|
| 21 | P-B5 |
|----|------|

- | |
|------|
| N-B5 |
|------|



22 P-K5ch!

- | | |
|----|--------|
| 22 | ...KxP |
|----|--------|

After 22 ... K-N4 23 N-K4ch! KxB 24 N-B6ch K-N4 25 R-B2 White threatens 26 P-R4ch KxBP 27 N-R5 and 25 ... PxP 26 R-N1ch or 25 ... N-R6 26 R-B3 K-R5 27 R(1)-K3 are very good for White.

- | | | |
|----|------|------|
| 23 | R-B2 | P-B3 |
|----|------|------|

The only way to stop 24 R(1)-B1.

- | | | |
|----|-----|------|
| 24 | PxP | P-K4 |
|----|-----|------|

- | | | |
|----|------|-----|
| 25 | N-K2 | KxP |
|----|------|-----|

- | | | |
|----|-----|-----|
| 26 | NxN | PxN |
|----|-----|-----|

- | | |
|----|-------|
| 27 | P-KR4 |
|----|-------|

Of course not 27 RxPch? K-N4 but 27 B-K8 might have been slightly better for White.

- | | |
|----|----------|
| 27 | ...K-N2? |
|----|----------|

The losing move. 27 ... K-B4! would give White the choice between 28 R(1)-B1 K-K4 29 RxPB-K3 when Black should draw and 28 B-K2 R-B1 29 B-Q3ch K-N5 30 B-K2ch (30 R-N2ch K-R4! is good for Black) K-B4 with perpetual check.

- | | |
|----|-----|
| 28 | RxP |
|----|-----|

Now Black has no antidote to counter White's active pieces.

- | | |
|----|---------|
| 28 | ...P-B4 |
|----|---------|

- | | | |
|----|------|------|
| 29 | B-K8 | R-Q3 |
|----|------|------|

Necessary to stop 30 R-N1ch K-R3 31 R-B6 mate.

- | | |
|----|------|
| 30 | P-N3 |
|----|------|

The immediate 30 R-K5! was also possible.

- | | |
|----|----------|
| 30 | ...R-QB2 |
|----|----------|

- | | | |
|----|------|------|
| 31 | R-K5 | P-B5 |
|----|------|------|

- | | | |
|----|--------|------|
| 32 | R-N5ch | K-R3 |
|----|--------|------|

- | | |
|----|------|
| 33 | R-B8 |
|----|------|

With the deadly threat of 34 R-N8 followed by 35 R-R5 mate.

- | | |
|----|--------|
| 33 | ...PxP |
|----|--------|

- | | | |
|----|------|------|
| 34 | RPxP | B-Q2 |
|----|------|------|

- | | | |
|----|--------|------|
| 35 | R-R5ch | K-N2 |
|----|--------|------|

- | | | |
|----|--------|------|
| 36 | R-B7ch | K-N1 |
|----|--------|------|

- | | | |
|----|--------|---------|
| 37 | R-N5ch | Resigns |
|----|--------|---------|



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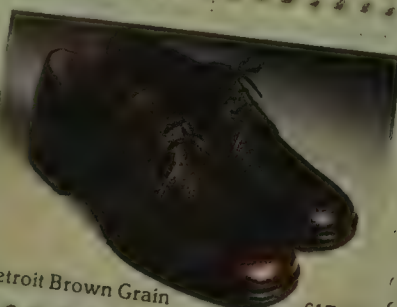
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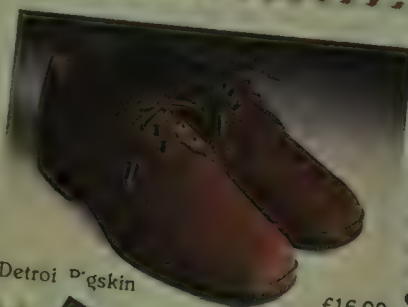
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Self-inflicted wounds

by Jack Marx

Other people's misfortunes are notoriously easy to bear, especially when self-induced by players whose reputations suggest that they really ought to know better. Should one's sympathies, if any, lie with East or West in this episode from an international match of a few years ago between England and Wales?

♠ J 8 Dealer West
♥ A Q 7 Love All
♦ K J 4 2
♣ K 8 6 5

♠ 10 7 3 ♠ A K 6 5 4
♥ 9 5 4 ♥ K 10 3 2
♦ 10 6 3 ♦ Q 8
♣ Q J 10 7 ♣ 4 2

♠ Q 9 2
♥ J 8 6
♦ A 9 7 5
♣ A 9 3

West	North	East	South
No	1NT	2♦	DBL
RDL	No	No	No

East-West were using one of the various minor-suit conventions designed to counter an opening weak no-trump. In this case Two Diamonds laid stress on the majors and promised at least nine cards between the two suits. The laid-down procedure was detailed and precise, but less so apparently if the enemy interfered. To West, the redouble implied equal preference for either major, though it seems quite tenable that the same message could be conveyed by passing. To East, on the other hand, the redouble promised sufficient diamonds to make the contract a good proposition if his own holding were at all suitable.

However, East was not unlucky to gather in as many as five tricks for the loss of 1,000 in exchange for 110 from a diamond part-score by his North-South team-mates at the other table.

Nevertheless, the outcome of such misadventures is not always disaster.

♠ K Q 7 4 Dealer North
♥ A 10 8 North-South Game
♦ A Q J
♣ A Q J

♠ A ♠ 9 2
♥ K 7 6 5 4 2 ♥ Q 9 3
♦ K 10 6 ♦ 9 7 3
♣ K 10 9 ♣ 7 6 5 4 2

♠ J 10 8 6 5 3
♥ J
♦ 8 5 4 2
♣ 8 3

The bidding may look a trifle odd, but it is in fact a correct record:

West	North	East	South
	2♦	No	2♥
DBL	DBL	END	

North was a player whose powers of concentration were apt to flag and in this match he had been persuaded to use a system that was unfamiliar to him, the Benjamin variety of Acol. Two Diamonds was the equivalent of the more usual Two Clubs and Two Hearts was

purely negative. West was a player who liked to be in the game and North had intended to administer a snub with a redouble. However, being unused to having hearts bid negatively, he became confused and found himself doubling West's supposed heart bid. The legal position was not self-evident, but it was eventually agreed that the relevant laws were 36 and 27 (c). North, who had doubled his partner's call, had to withdraw the double and substitute any legal call, while condemning his partner to silence for one round. With no clear pointers on which way to move, North decided to trust his partner's card play to make a doubled contract of Two Hearts, West's presumed best suit.

Fortunately, the other opponent did not seem to realize that this was so. West led Spade Ace and shifted to Heart Five, covered by Eight Nine and Jack. South now finessed a diamond and led Ace Ten of trumps to leave East on play with the Queen. Defenders could thenceforth collect only four trump tricks as well as the Spade Ace, and North glowed with satisfaction at his well-judged pass that had brought in a triumphant 670. It might have been less of a triumph if East had nerved himself to put up his Heart Queen at trick two. And it really was not much of a triumph anyway, since the other North-South scored 680 at a less heroic Four Spades.

A truly horrific loss was suffered by Switzerland in their match against the eventual American winners in the Ladies' section of the 1980 Olympiad. They sustained a net deficit of 3,000 on a single hand and this converted to 23 IMPs, two short of the maximum.

♠ 8 5 Dealer West
♥ Q Game All
♦ 10 9 8 5 3
♣ J 10 6 5 3

♠ void ♠ A Q 6 4 3
♥ A J 8 4 3 ♥ K 10 9 6 5 2
♦ A K Q 7 4 2 ♦ J 6
♣ K 7 ♣ void

♠ K J 10 9 7 2
♥ 7
♦ void
♣ A Q 9 8 4 2

West	North	East	South
1♦	No	1♥	2♥
4NT	No	6♣	DBL
7♥	No	No	7♠
No	No	DBL	END

Played by East, with therefore no risk of a first-round ruff, the grand slam is cold. Accordingly, Seven Spades represents a small saving for North-South if the penalty can be confined to a mere 2,000. Unfortunately, by leading Spade King at trick three in an attempt to draw trumps, South lost control and went nine down to lose, 2,600. This might not have been quite so catastrophic if the Swiss East at the other table had not mistaken her partner's bid of Two Clubs for Three Clubs. This was passed out and went four down ●



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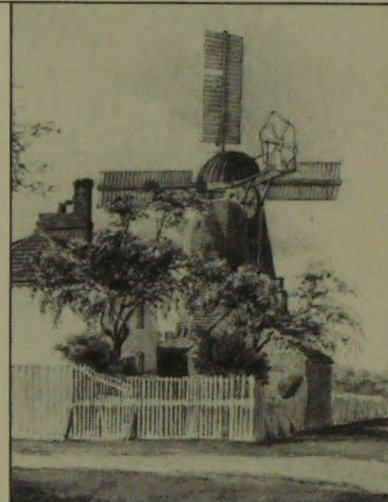
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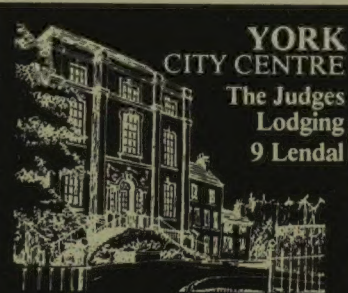
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The nuclear shield

From **Richard J. Griffiths**

Dear Sir,
I read with great interest Julian Critchley's article "The Nuclear Shield" (*ILN*, March), in which the spending of an extra £5 billion on Britain's defence was discussed, and in particular whether the money would be better spent on nuclear or conventional arms.

To someone living, even temporarily, in a developing country, this sum of money is absolutely staggering. Papua New Guinea, like many other countries, is falling over itself in a headlong rush, trying to achieve the real independence that Britain has enjoyed for centuries. But there are basic items of expense which it cannot yet afford. For example, the country's main highway is continually blocked by landslides because the earthworks are not stable and many of its major roads are unsurfaced. Many other examples could be cited, but one speaks for all.

Before coming to Papua New Guinea, I would have read Mr Critchley's article academically and dispassionately. But, having lived here, questions arise. The Papua New Guinea Government has approximately £80 to spend on each of its inhabitants each year. Meanwhile, the British Government is deciding how to spend £100 for each of its inhabitants on armaments which, on its own admission, will either be used for destructive purposes, or will eventually be thrown away. Although I do not advocate giving developing nations everything they ask for, for like everyone else they value only the things they have had to work for, I do ask myself what sort of a world we live in when there is such disparity in spending power between one of the poorer rich countries and one of the richer poor countries. And surely, when faced with these figures, the developing nations can be forgiven a degree of cynicism when considering the uphill task before them?

Richard J. Griffiths, BSc
Papua New Guinea Electricity Commission
PO Box 1105
Boroko, Papua New Guinea

In defence of Brogan

From **Mrs R. Smoluchowski**

Dear Sir,
May I reassure the *ILN* that Patrick Brogan has a far more accurate and subtle understanding of American politics than poor Dr Nicholas Smyth (*ILN*, February).

I was born in Washington, I have followed American politics for most of my 58 years and have been impressed with Mr Brogan's reporting. I do not agree with him 100 per cent of the time but he is informed, thoughtful and writes well. **Mrs R. Smoluchowski**
Austin, USA



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